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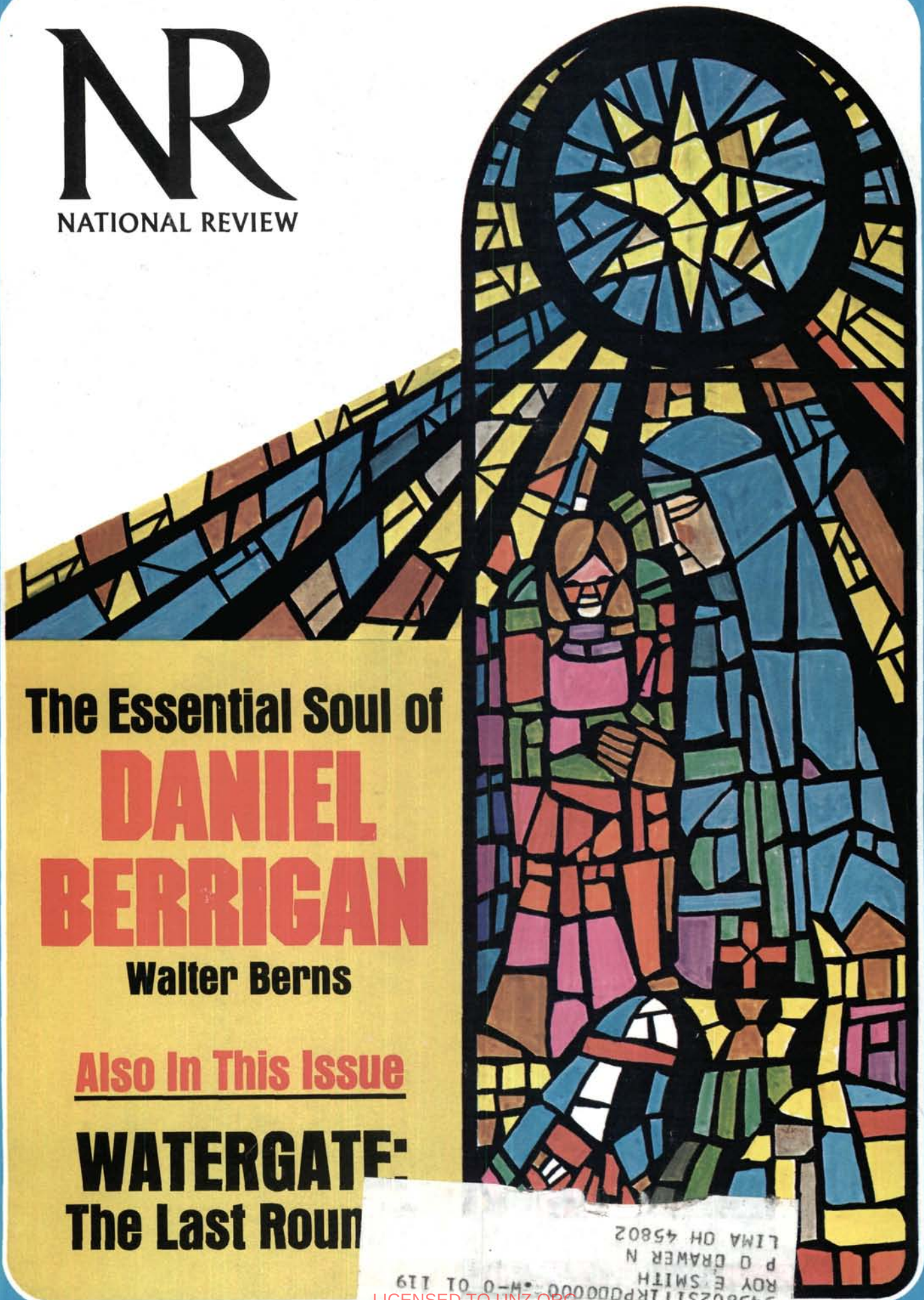
NR

NATIONAL REVIEW



The Essential Soul of

DANIEL BERRIGAN

Walter Berns

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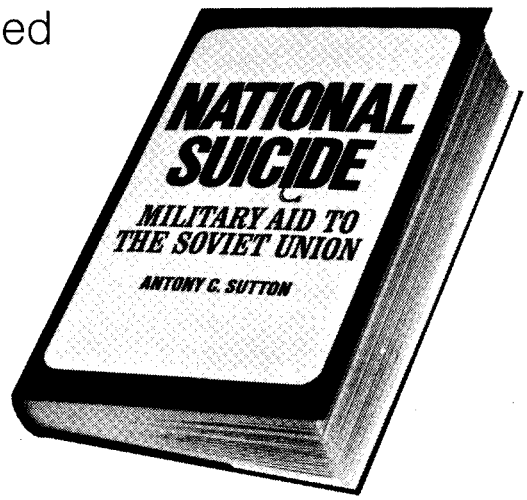
NATIONAL SUICIDE

Military Aid to the Soviet Union

by Antony C. Sutton

tables • appendices • index • bibliography



You may read this book and think the author "dreamed a dream that could not be." For Antony Sutton, research fellow at the Hoover Institution, Stanford University, proves that *there is no such thing as Soviet technology*—only American and allied technology on Soviet soil. Technology that killed American boys in Korea and Vietnam.

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NR NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXV, No. 45 NOVEMBER 9, 1973

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we offer a testimonial to the late Ludwig von Mises by some of those who are carrying on his great work: **Friedrich Hayek** is probably the most influential living defender of the free society. He has taught at half a dozen major universities, here and abroad, and authored a dozen books in economics, history, philosophy, and legal theory. Among his most famous works are *The Road to Serfdom* and *Constitution of Liberty*. The first volume of Hayek's *magnum opus*, *Law, Legislation and Liberty*, has recently been released. . . . **Henry Hazlitt** is a distinguished and prolific economic journalist who has served on the editorial staffs of, among others, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *New York Times*, and *Newsweek*. His *Economics in One Lesson* remains the best primer on the subject, and his latest attack on thought-pollution is *The Conquest of Poverty*. . . . **Lawrence Fertig** is a former syndicated columnist with Scripps Howard, founder of a successful advertising agency, and author of *Prosperity through Freedom*. Mr. Fertig is chairman of the board of the Foundation for Economic Education, which publishes the popular and informative *Freeman*. . . . **Israel Kirzner**, professor of economics at New York University, here summarizes some of the arguments of his important new book, *Competition and Entrepreneurship*, which, among other virtues, ungarbles the Galbraithian confusion about advertising and monopoly.

Walter Berns is a professor of political science at the University of Toronto; he is the author of *Freedom, Virtue and the First Amendment*; he has been widely published in the field of constitutional law and American government, and Dan Berrigan would do well to study Mr. Berns half as well as Mr. Berns has studied Father Dan. . . . **Richard D. Obenshain** is one of those who is making Virginia conservative Republican, although you might not guess it from his modestly oblique reference to himself. . . . **Taki Theodoracopulos**, *NR*'s correspondent in the Levant, has seen the war with his own eyes, not, like the rest of us, on TV, and reports first hand. . . . **Pat Coyne**, who has written a number of book reviews for *NR*, had a tough assignment for this issue: Her author had Friends in the Management, but she is, scouts' honor, objective.

—AR/DO

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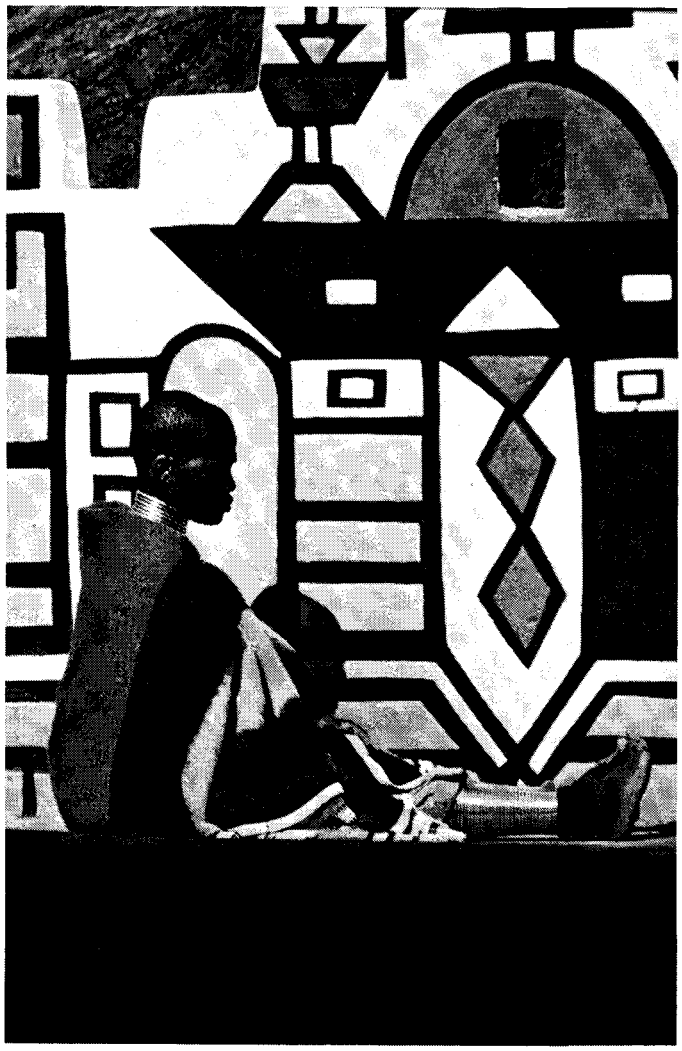

or look at our art.

The women artists of the N'debele village have created abstract, geometric murals on the walls of their houses with masterly precision. There's something about the broad, bold strokes and bright, rich colors that has been an inspiration to artists like Picasso, Leger and Modigliani.

And the beadwork and blankets these women weave capture the same primitive spirit found in their paintings.

This fascinating village is just a short ride from Pretoria. And, as is the case with most South African art, you won't have to look *for* it to look *at* it. It's part of the scenery.

The work of great sculptors can be seen in public squares throughout South Africa. Ernest Ullmann's "The Playmakers" (illustrated above) stands in front of Johannesburg's Civic Theatre.

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Letters

Libertarians . . .

Alan Reynolds' "Libertarians Abroad" [Oct. 26] was excellent, the kind of reporting I would like to see more of in *NR*. It's a cinch the major media won't tell us much about Mont Pelerin. The only disappointment is that, as the "jaded veteran" told Mr. Reynolds, "nobody brings his best work to the conference," robbing what should be a major event of some of its value.

By the way, "A Word about the 'Syndicate'" by William just-call-me-Ishmael Rusher was delightful, not to mention Miles Copeland's follow-up article, "There's a CIA in Your Future."

Philadelphia, Pa. HELEN MUNT

. . . and Other Good Guys

I'm prejudiced, of course, but I thought the October 12 issue was exceptionally good, especially the Solzhenitsyn portrait of Stalin ["Will the Real Mao Tse-tung Please Step Forward: Solzhenitsyn's Stalin"] and James Burnham's "Canonization of Salvador Allende." How fast the canonization process works!

I suppose I am the last person to get around to reading Solzhenitsyn's works. At the moment, I am reading *August 1914*. It is not only a splendid novel but superb analysis of military leadership and non-leadership. It should be read in the war colleges.

Charleston, S.C. ANTHONY HARRIGAN

In Jean Genet's play *The Maids* two women deliberately act out a grisly charade to its inevitable, fatal conclusion. It would appear that on that stage which is the real world an analogous drama is unfolding. One may assume that Vladimir Maksimov had such actors in mind as Secretary Kissinger when he wrote: "God only knows how much blood we will end up paying for these diabolical games now being played by the retarded diplomats of the modern age" ["The Week," Sept. 14]. His warning reminds us that whether we want to be or not, whether we believe we are or not, we are involved in a struggle for the preservation of human freedom; and the outcome depends upon the decision the West makes as between listening to the soft-spoken, pitiable deceptions of the detente-lovers on the one hand, and on the other the agonizing, courageously voiced truth revealed by the Maksimovs, the Sakharovs, the Solzhenitsyns.

That the wrong decision is being made does not in the least detract from the pertinence and timelessness of NATIONAL REVIEW's issue on Stalin. Solzhenitsyn's portrait, eloquent enough standing alone, was served brilliantly by the editorial framework in which it was set, and the whole piece just may be *NR*'s best and most important accomplishment ever. I think it would be fitting, now, to celebrate the United Nations' next anniversary by similarly treating Solzhenitsyn's account of Mrs. R- - - - - - - -'s UN-sponsored visit to a Russian prison, rendered in Chapter 54 of *The First Circle*. What could better serve as the kind of painful comic relief worthy of great tragedy?

San Francisco, Calif. NEIL G. BARCLAY

Fearful Fliers

I share Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s great respect and sympathy for those who fear to fly ["Notes & Asides," Oct. 12], and am distressed about how many more of them there will be if they take seriously WFB's suggestion that the skies may be full of fun-loving students (even those with sainted relatives) flitting down the crowded northeast corridor with 45 minutes of instruction time.

Burlington, Iowa JOHN MCCORMALLY

The Court on Abortion

James J. Kilpatrick ["This Much at Least: the Court," Sept. 28] says that he is "baffled" by the abortion decision because in most other cases the Court used judicial restraint in the direction of the Doctrine of States Rights. But he notes, also, that "where 'fundamental rights' are involved, the courts must strictly scrutinize a charge that equal protection has been denied." Perhaps the answer is that the abortion case called for such scrutiny.

Why is this so unfathomable to Mr. Kilpatrick? Because he believes things about abortion that deny the relevance of it to fundamental rights. One can argue that the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness may be protected by not interfering with an expectant mother's decision about whether to become a mother after all. If Mr. Kilpatrick takes

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1973. Washington Bureau and Book Editor: George F. Will, 6683 32nd Place N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

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Economist William F. Rickenbacker answers 5 key questions, concerning the coming

WORLD-WIDE CRASH:

WILL THERE BE ANOTHER DEVALUATION? HOW MUCH? WHEN? WHEN WILL DEVAUATION STOP?

Yes, there will be further devaluations of the dollar. The price of gold, in terms of the dollar, must rise to about $150-$200 an ounce before the U.S. gold reserve is enough to settle the external debts of the U.S. Every political administration hopes to avoid the drastic step of announcing, through a terrific devaluation, that the U.S. has been bankrupt all these years. So every political administration — including the present one — will hope to defer the ultimate accounting, by going through the charade of itsy bitsy devaluations. I would expect the U.S. to devalue regularly, by 10 or 15 per cent, year by year, until the price of gold reaches the $200 level, or whatever level is required to settle the external debts. But the longer the process takes, the higher the debts will be, too.

HOW DOES THE FOREIGN MONEY TURMOIL AFFECT DOMESTIC INVESTMENTS?

The connection is indirect. The turmoil leads to uncertainty and loss in foreign exchange operations: this affects U.S. companies with a large portion of their business overseas. The uncertainty leads to protectionism and interventionism on the part of governments (we are in that phase now, and in a big way), and this puts a further crimp on international sales and revenues. If the turmoil and the interventionism last long enough, the effects of a general economic slowdown will filter through to companies that are considered "domestic." No company is actually 100 per cent "domestic." Since international trade exists only because the international specialization affords real savings and efficiencies, any breakdown of international trade involves a rise in real production costs around the world — or a drop in living standards. International monetary turmoil is, in the long run, bad for stock prices. But the drop in stock prices can take place overnight, if nerves are touchy.

HOW CAN I AVOID BEING WIPED OUT BY THE COMING WORLD-WIDE DEPRESSION?

Clean out your investment portfolio, getting rid of companies that are exposed on the front line of international trade. Look for companies with strong domestic operations (a "natural monopoly" such as domestic air freight is the right idea). Avoid weak currencies. Transfer a good portion of assets out of money itself — into precious metals, or shares in gold and silver mining companies.

IS IT TOO LATE TO INVEST IN SILVER?

The long-term trend of the silver price is surely upwards. But the price has gone up 50 per cent in the last year or so, and you can't expect that kind of rise every year. Industrial use is rising about 10 per cent yearly. Production is not very responsive to new demand, because most of the production is a byproduct of base metal mining operations. But over five or ten years, silver bullion should do better than most of the blue chips.

IS IT TOO LATE TO BUY GOLD?

No; but gold, too, has swept upwards in price, the last year or so. The official price and the market price will meet, sooner or later, at the level of $150-$200, so that we can still look forward to a substantial price rise. Every long-term investment portfolio should have at least some exposure to precious metals, gold being the best of the lot; but it would be imprudent to forget the claims of good diversification.

Worst Depression In History?

Free Market economist William F. Rickenbacker has built his reputation for superbly accurate financial analysis on this simple fact: money markets . . . stock and bond markets . . . precious metals and other commodity markets must *always* be treated as *PEOPLE who are operating the law of supply and demand with unfailing dependability.* The people who make these markets can not be manipulated or fooled indefinitely by monetary "managers" who think that they can defy the natural laws of economics by fixing the price of gold or by falsifying the real value of a currency, as they have sought to do with the International Monetary Fund.

How well does Bill Rickenbacker's concept of free market economics work? In his book, *Wooden Nickels* he predicted that silver coins would *vanish* and that the price of silver would skyrocket. In *Death of the Dollar* he predicted the current international monetary crisis . . . the devaluation of the dollar and the accelerating inflation that are here now. In his investment advisory service, the RICKENBACKER REPORT, he continues to analyze earth-shaking monetary events yet to come — events that could trigger the worst depression in history and wipe out all but the most hard-headed, practical-minded investors.

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the fetus to be a human being, this means that the decision could culminate in murder. But is it justified to identify a fetus of just any age as a human being? If the Court thought not, its decision is clearly relevant to fundamental rights of pregnant women.

Bafflement may be excused, however, when we come to the decision on obscenity. Here a right mentioned in the Constitution itself was involved, yet the Court did not see fit to uphold it. So, in the end, I am not sure where we are with this Court. It does not seem to be consistently moderate, judiciously restrained, not when *some* issues are at stake. Mr. Kilpatrick's own words should help us out here: "Ours is indeed a government not of laws, but of men."

Santa Barbara, Calif. TIBOR R. MACHAN

Hooray for YAF

Many thanks to Chris Manion for the article on the 1973 YAF Convention ["Remember," Sept. 14]. I have been to quite a few national conventions and this one was the best. There is one thing that should be cleared up, however: Harold O. J. Brown's remarks were about traditionalist conservatives and libertarians. The question of atheism was brought up as an afterthought. In fact, in the question-and-answer period, another delegate and I reaffirmed the basic harmony of libertarianism with evangelical Christianity. The atheists in YAF can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

I think a word about Nicholas von Hoffman is appropriate. At the '71 Houston YAF Convention, von Hoffman observed us and I think got his first taste of serious conservative youth. At D.C. '73, he not only was an observer, but was welcomed as a friend and future ally. From time to time shouts of "We want Nick" rang forth from the convention floor and Nick was sought at different parties.

No YAF convention is complete without the Unity Party the New Jersey delegation throws on Saturday night. This fete has been traditional in YAF since the beginning, and it keeps on getting better. After the last session of the day the cry goes up: "On to New Jersey." At that point, a party presided over by the "Old Warhorse" of NJ YAF, Bill Kainenen, commences. Strong drink flows and the songs are belted out. Traditional YAF favorites such as "Purging California, Pennsylvania Too," and "Fucetola Told Us So" are sung in hearty voice. This is part of YAF's secret, the camaraderie and the fellowship of being part of a cause that is right.

New York, N.Y. DAVID A. WILLIAMS

Human, Not Divine

I was distressed to read David Brudnoy's review of the film, *Jesus Christ Superstar* [Aug. 17].

Mr. Brudnoy notes enthusiastically that *Superstar* ". . . pulsates with human love." The point that *Superstar* fails to make, which is an integral part of the story it pretends to tell, is that human love, indeed all of our better instincts, originates in Divine love. It was this Divine love that moved God to send His Son to suffer and die, saving man from the consequences of his own sin, i.e., lack of love. Missing this, *Superstar* and all other hip Jesus stories current on stage and screen have nothing new to say, nothing that can't be found in any other sad saga of man's search for goodness within himself.

Regarding Mr. Brudnoy's reaction to *Godspell*, much of the text of this musical consists of parables and stories told by Christ, as found in the Bible. It saddens me to think that Mr. Brudnoy, believer or not, can dismiss these as ". . . so much tedious weightlessness."

Vineland, N.J. CAROL JACKSON

Watergate . . .

Having just read the synopsis of Watergate mail ["Notes & Asides," Sept. 14] and noting it to be rather one-sided, I thought it only fair for me to write and say that "Watergate as Drama," by S. L. Varnado [Aug. 31], was the best piece of writing I've seen in ages. I have rarely enjoyed anything as much. Keep up the good work; the news would be unbearable otherwise.

Urbana, Ill. BRUCE PARRELLO

Watergate notwithstanding it remains a political fact of life that Richard Nixon has rarely been able to command a devoted following. The scent of blood did not create the jackals in pursuit of the President, it merely brought them out into the open. George Will perceives this and more. What he writes may be uncomfortable to some ["Notes & Asides," Sept. 14] but it remains shrewd political analysis. Politics concerns "what is" and not "what ought to be." Mr. Will's vision is sensitive to that reality.

Monroe, Mich. ALAN L. MILLER

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s column "Is It All Over?" [Aug. 3] was interesting and appropriate. Additional analysis of the proceedings of the Senate Seven may prove mind-boggling. When hearings began it was emphasized that there was no intention to convict anyone, but it was imperative to assemble important information relevant to election reform to prevent future Watergates. It has become unquestionably clear that the real objectives of the Senate Seven are purely political.

By his self-righteous insinuations and his display of irritation when witnesses give testimony contrary to his conclusions, Chairman Ervin created the impression among some Committee members that their objective is to serve as reporter, prosecutor, jury, and judge and to hold our President guilty of wrong-doing until he proves himself innocent.

Senator Weicker is, if anything, worse

(Continues on page 1258)

Wrong number?

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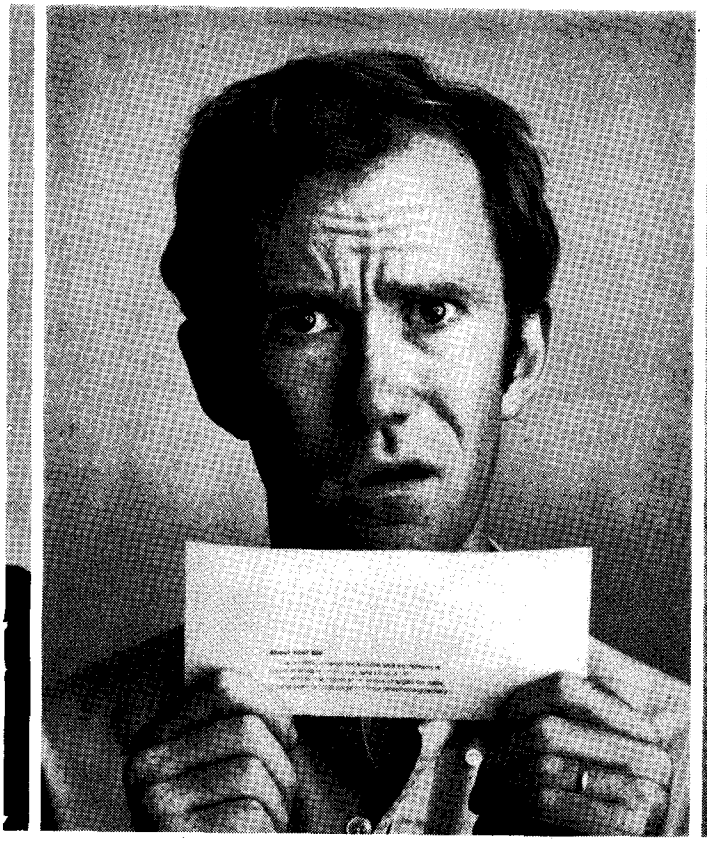

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If you reach a wrong number when you're dialing a toll call, let the operator know about it as soon as it happens. We'll help you get the charge removed.

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At AT&T and your local Bell Company, we agree: you shouldn't have to pay for calls you didn't make.

We hear you.

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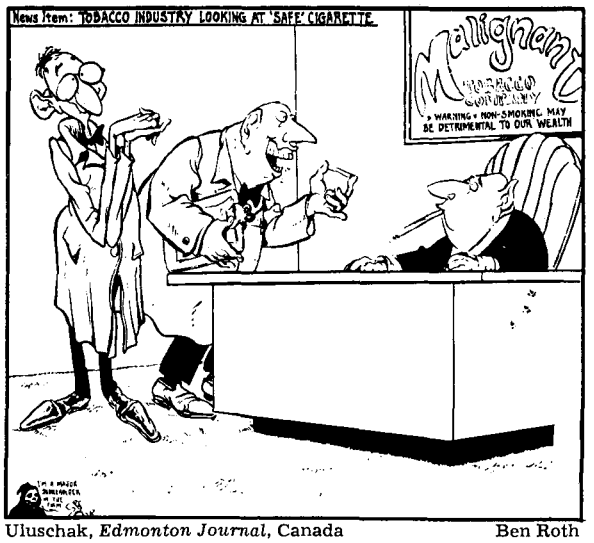
FOR THE RECORD

■ When presidential adviser **Bryce Harlow** conferred with House Republican leaders on the Tuesday following what Washington is calling the "Saturday night massacre," he was told by **John Anderson**, the liberal congressman from Illinois, head of the powerful House Republican Conference, that House Republicans wouldn't back the President unless Mr. **Nixon** turned over the tapes. What's more, conservative Rep. **John Rhodes** (Ariz.), who will probably succeed Gerald Ford as Minority Leader, and **Leslie Arends**, the Minority Whip, agreed with Anderson. . . . By Tuesday morning, ninety members of the House had cosponsored a bill to set up another special prosecutor independent of the President to continue the **Archibald Cox** investigations. . . . Similar legislation in the Senate had the initial backing of Senators **Kennedy**, **Bayh**, **Byrd** (Robert), **Mondale**, **Tunney**, and **Cranston**. . . . The **Ripon Society** was hot on the heels of the **ADA** and the **ACLU** is calling for the impeachment of Mr. Nixon because his actions (prior to surrendering the tapes) "constitute criminal contempt and obstruction of justice." . . . Rep. **Edward Boland** (D., Mass.), in a break with most of his Democratic colleagues, said the surrender of the tapes "cripples the impeachment move, unless he [Nixon] has crippled the tapes." . . . **Peter Hart**, a pollster used by the Democratic Party, said he'd never seen ratings as low as those of the President's right after the firing of Cox. "They're lower even than **Lindsay** at his worst point in New York," he added.



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal*, Canada — Ben Roth

"Voila! We've finally come up with a completely safe cigarette—it's fireproof!"

■ Rep. **Donald Fraser**, chairman of the ADA, and an advocate of impeachment procedures, has warned that a failure by Congress to proceed apace with the confirmation of **Gerry Ford** could make impeachment "a very bitter partisan battle." . . . Rep. **Morris Udall** (D., Ariz.) agrees with Speaker **Carl Albert** that Ford must not be held "hostage" by Congress during the next weeks. . . . Conservative Rep. **Philip Crane** (R., Ill.) says the possibility that Nixon would be impeached, Ford not confirmed, and Carl Albert become President "is too bizarre to contemplate." . . . Sen. **Robert Griffin** (R., Mich.), incidentally, has introduced a constitutional amendment that would put an end to the election of Vice Presidents by the electorate, have them chosen instead by the President and the Congress.

■ WATERGATE SIDELIGHTS: Eight days after his resignation, **Agnew**'s name was off the directories in the Senate office buildings. . . . Agnew was still included in Washington's *Green Book* (its Social Register), which came out in early October, but the names of **Maurice Stans**, **Richard Kleindienst**, **Charles Colson**, **Jeb Magruder**, **Emil Krogh**, **John Dean**, and **Dwight Chapin** had disappeared. . . . At Berkeley, the **University of California** reported that a course on Watergate placed 81st out of 81 in list of courses law students wanted to take, but they are giving it anyway. . . . The *Washington Post* reminds us that **Harry Truman** once fired his Attorney General (**Howard McGrath**) for firing his Special Prosecutor (**Newbold Morris**) when McGrath discovered that Morris really intended to get to the bottom of scandals in the Truman White House. . . . And in Rome the conservative *Il Borghese* reveals that certain East European governments have been bugging the **papal apartments** in the Vatican.

■ With Spiro Agnew in eclipse, **Ronald Reagan** has been moving up fast in Republican presidential polls. Vital for Reagan, passage of his tax-limit plan in the California referendum Nov. 6. Reagan, with the help of volunteers and sophisticated electronic equipment, was hoping to reach one million Republican voters in California by phone (recorded) before Nov. 6 to explain his position on the tax measure to them. A Reagan win on this one will put him ahead of both **John Connally** and **Nelson Rockefeller** with mainstream Republicans as the man who put a limit on taxes. . . . White House counselor **Anne Armstrong** has asked Women's Lib's Woman in the White House, **Jill Ruckelshaus** to stay on, but Ms. Ruckelshaus in un-Women's Lib fashion says she'll have to talk it over with her husband, former Deputy Attorney General **William Ruckelshaus**, a victim of the Saturday night massacre.

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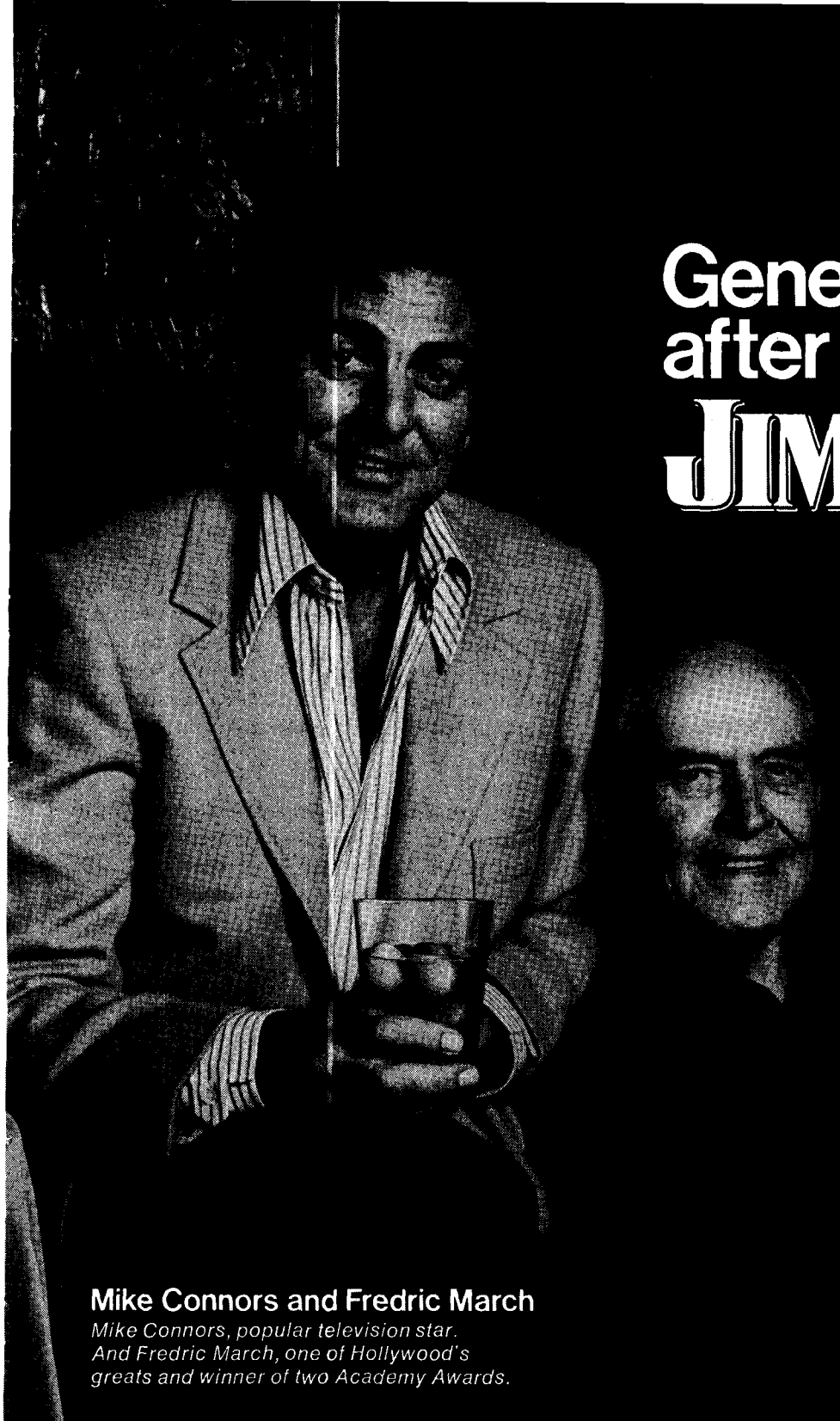
Generation after generation

JIM BEAM



Mike Connors and Fredric March

Mike Connors, popular television star.
And Fredric March, one of Hollywood's
greats and winner of two Academy Awards.

Back in 1946 when Fredric March was starring in "The Best Years of Our Lives," Mike Connors was starring on the basketball court at UCLA.

They're of different generations, these two, but each is a craftsman.

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THE WEEK

■ This may be looking too far ahead, but there now seems a possibility of President Ford being shot at the Lincoln Center.

■ Thinking thoughts of '76, the men from Gallup asked Republicans to name their choice for President. Ronald Reagan finished first with 29 per cent of those polled. Second, as always, was Nelson Rockefeller, ten points behind. Third and fourth in the minds and hearts of Republicans were John Connally and Charles Percy. The closest race was for fifth place, where Senators Howard Baker and James Buckley finished in a dead heat. The poll was taken a few days after Mr. Agnew resigned, so there wasn't one percentage point for Spiro in '76.

■ There is a critical vacuum in Article XXV of the Constitution, to which public attention has not been directed. Clause 4 reads as follows: "Whenever the Vice President and a majority of either the principal officers of the Executive departments or of such other body as Congress may by law provide, transmit to the President pro tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives their written declaration that the President is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office, the Vice President shall immediately assume the powers and duties of the office as Acting President. . . ." (The remainder of the clause gives the procedure for terminating the Acting Presidency.) The wording implies the existence of a Vice President, and makes no provision for the absence of a Vice President: that is, for the condition in which we now are.

■ In the Gallup poll taken two weeks before Spiro Agnew resigned, 66 per cent said they were dissatisfied with the way the nation is being governed, and 72 per cent were dissatisfied with the "honesty and standards of behavior of people in the country today"; in an earlier Gallup, 67 per cent said their confidence in the Federal Government had decreased because of Watergate. Playing no favorites, the latest Harris poll shows that 43 per cent of Americans doubt Teddy Kennedy's integrity, as against 41 per cent who trust him.

■ David Packard, former Deputy Secretary of Defense and again chairman of the Hewlett-Packard Company, last week shocked a meeting of university presidents and top corporate executives by suggesting that corporations should no longer give unrestricted donations to universities. The groans must have been audible as Packard made the following unassailable points: 1) Boards of trustees now are selected according to a variety of criteria, including age, ethnic group, sex, and so on, and are unpredictable in the way they spend university funds; 2) the "restructuring" of the university has resulted in an increase in faculty power, which often means control by a militant minority veto group; and 3) surveys show that a substantial majority of undergraduates are accepting an anti-business message beamed at them by the faculty. Mr. Packard saw no reason why American corporations should pour funds into this kind of thing. He recommended support for specific programs and departments. For further details, see *God and Man at Yale.*

■ In Washington, D.C. some hope was expressed that Mr. Nixon's Presidency would come swiftly to a conclusion, honorable or no, after the removal of Mr. Archibald Cox *and* his office. Mr. Cox did not get sacked for failing to obey the President, as is commonly supposed, but simply because Mr. Nixon got damn sick and tired, like the rest of us, of having to say Special-Watergate-Prosecutor-Archibald-Cox all the time. Not having to say Special-Watergate-Prosecutor-Anybody is worth risking impeachment. Meanwhile, Mr. Cox has told newsmen they won't have Special-Watergate-Prosecutor-Archibald-Cox to kick around any more, and gone back to Harvard to teach a graduate seminar in electronic surveillance.

■ Some signs that inflation may be slowing down: The third-quarter inflation rate, as measured by the GNP index, was down slightly to 6.7 per cent from a 7.3 per cent rate in the previous quarter—though the Consumer Price Index rose from 7.4 to 10.3 per cent in the same period. Consumer prices rose at a relatively tolerable 3.6 per cent rate in September (about the rate prevailing before NEP), largely because food prices declined after the huge August bulge. Little credit can be given to price controls: Beef prices, for example, rose by 8 per cent during the six-month "freeze," and there were many reports of additional hidden price increases, such as leaving more fat on steaks. Considering the mixed evidence, it is a little early to tell whether September was really a turnaround on the inflationary path, or merely a brief respite.

Let's Be Friends

Let's put aside the Arabs,
  Cambodia, and oil.
Let's not discuss the colonels
  Or Erin's sacred soil.
I shall not dangle Castro
  If you won't mention Chiang.
I promise to be silent
  When you use hippie slang.
But surely on one subject
  We share a point of view;
That as a Nixon stand-in,
  Carl Albert just won't do.

W. H. VON DREELE

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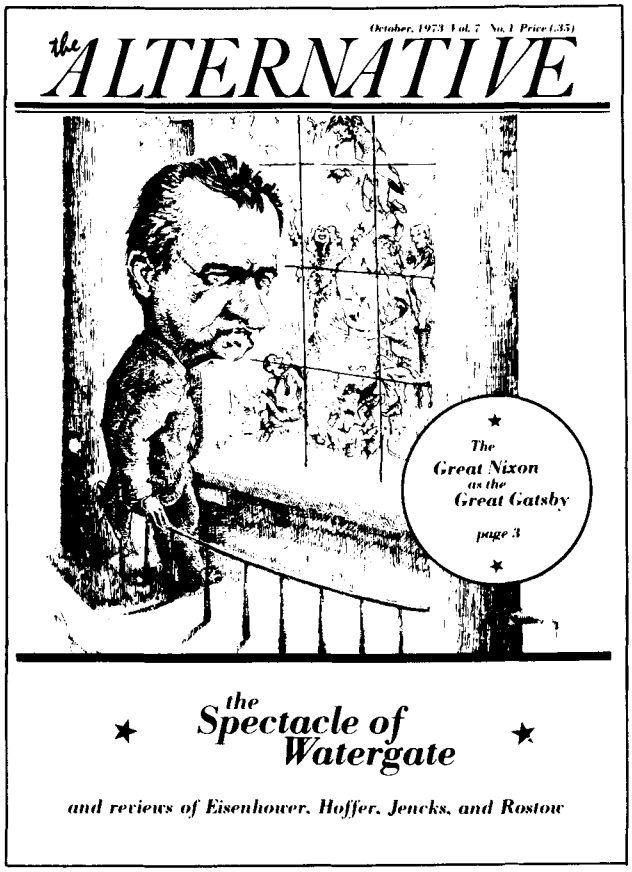
October, 1973 Vol. 7 No. 1 Price (.35)
the ALTERNATIVE
The Great Nixon as the Great Gatsby
page 3
the Spectacle of Watergate
and reviews of Eisenhower, Hoffer, Jencks, and Rostow

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". . . one of the most amusing and outrageous and interesting student journals in America."
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The Alternative is a monthly campus-oriented magazine. Written and edited primarily by young professors and graduate students, it deals with political discourse, economics, and current events.

Consider some of The Alternative's regular features:

- **Letter from a Whig** and **The Nation's Pulse** by The Alternative's two Washington correspondents give incisive reviews of what the frauds are up to on the banks of the Potomac. The first gives readers the serious side of Washington. The second discusses the more commonplace, that is to say the ridiculous side.

- **The Public Policy**—Peter Rusthoven reviews the state of our knowledge of issues which shape the public policy.

- **The Great American Column**—C. H. Simonds, our Americana Editor, takes a look at pop culture.

- **The Continuing Crisis**—a now reflective, now unnerving summary of the past month's momentous events.

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NR2

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■ Prohibited from lowering prices, the airlines compete instead by advertising more frequent flights of larger, half-empty planes. Passengers pay cartel prices, thanks to the Civil Aeronautics Board, but nonprice competition has eroded the potential monopoly profits and resulted in airport congestion and wasted fuel. Now the rationing of fuel has provided the airlines with an excuse to collude on mutual reductions in the number of flights. The CAB made a token protest to the effect that the agreements are "inconsistent" with antitrust principles (look who's talking), but acquiesced anyway. So the airlines will have the best of possible worlds: government protection against price competition or new competition, and reduced service to passengers. The first three airlines in on the act cut 82 flights and expect to save $80 million. With a little more trying, the air transport industry will be as efficient and convenient as the Postal Service.

■ Lie of the week: After many, many months of plea-bargaining John Dean pleaded guilty to a single felony count of conspiracy to obstruct justice in return for the government's dropping all other Watergate-related charges against him. In his statement Dean said: "As a result of my plea I have been promised nothing by the government. . . ." What he meant was that the government had not promised him anything in connection with the sentence for that particular felony to which he pleaded guilty. But the wording of his statement implied far more. Once a dissembler . . .

■ Atlanta is 52 per cent black. It has elected a black mayor, who, against an incumbent who frankly appealed to "the fears of the white community," got 22 per cent of the white vote, and 95 per cent of the black vote—and has elected a white liberal city council president, who, running against militant Hosea Williams, got nearly a third of the black vote. It is neither surprising nor outrageous that most of the city's voters did vote along color lines; what is encouraging is that so many of them felt free to "cross over," in pursuit of the best candidates. It seems reasonable to hope that under Mayor Maynard Jackson Atlanta will remain at least moderately moderate.

■ One bright spot in the Mideast war was the madman Idi Amin's visit to Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Jordan, and Syria. Saving his best speech for the end of the tour, he told cheering reporters in Damascus that he had sent warning telegrams to both the United States and Golda Meir ("I am not a person who fears anyone. I am 6 feet 3 inches and a former heavyweight boxing champion"); that many Ugandans had volunteered to fight with the Arabs against Israel, "and one of them is myself, General Amin"; and that Israel's armed forces were incompetent. As is his custom, throughout the trip he wore on his uniform the wings he earned for his paratrooper training with the Israeli air force.

■ Since the end of the war in Vietnam, there have been 54,850 casualties on the South Vietnamese side and 35,000 on Hanoi's. The South Vietnamese accuse the Communists of 26,000 violations of the ceasefire agreement. The Communists allege 240,000 (that's right) on the part of Saigon. The International Control Commission is broke and cutting back on its air operations. Maybe Le Duc Tho had a point when he turned down the Nobel Peace Prize.

■ In Thailand the pro-U.S. government of Premier Kittikachorn has been toppled by university students, a fact that may worry but should not surprise believers in the domino theory. The three most powerful military leaders of the country have fled and the former rector of one of the universities, Sanya Dharmasakti, has been appointed Premier. Power at the moment seems to be in the hands of the King, Phumiphol Aduldet, who is popular with the students, and the 22-year-old student leader, Sombat Thamrongthanyawong. Thailand is a relatively rich and powerful country in Indochina, bordering on Laos and Cambodia, North and South Vietnams lying beyond. The U.S. has for years maintained air bases there over the opposition of those Thais who feared that Thailand might become directly involved in the Vietnam war. Most likely Thailand will now move in the direction of neutrality, i.e., toward China, even though China has traditionally been an enemy. The governments of the remaining pro-Western countries in Indochina are looking with alarm at the events in Thailand as the big domino, unmindful of the discrediting of the domino theory, begins to tilt.

■ Penn Central trustees, in their anxiety to tap a source of funds—namely, taxpayers—more malleable than commuters and shippers, seem to have overstated their plight: The trustees' cash forecast neglected some $124 million in annual revenues from Amtrak and freight-rate increases. Pennsy's second-quarter red ink was down from a peak of $365 million in the last quarter of 1971 to $28 million in the second quarter of this year.

■ Can you identify this well-known Voice of Moderation? *"Why did those young men die at Saipan or get machine-gunned in the Belgian forests in 1944? Why did they die at Anzio? Why are the hills dense with crosses in Arlington? Why the hell did those young men die? I know this: They did not die so that a person like Richard Nixon could defy the courts of this democracy. They did not die so that the secret police could come in the night and seal the files of Archibald Cox. . . ."*

■ Those who will not learn from history, etc., are condemned to listen to those who do, so here goes: "After the many oppressions which he put in practice had brought a general dearth upon the empire, he then set himself to regulate the prices of all vendible things. There was much blood shed upon very slight and trifling accounts; and the people brought provisions no more to markets, since they could not get a reasonable price for them; and this increased the dearth so much that at

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However, first let me tell you what I have.

I've got a *copyrighted job changing system* that you can use to move up in your field, or out to another field, but at significantly higher earnings.

It took myself and five other professionals two years and $250,000 to develop–*but it works!*

Furthermore, it doesn't require "genius" and it doesn't require "luck." All you have to do is put it into action.

The reason we developed it was because with 84 million employed, and 15 million circulating resumes each year, this area was ready for some revolutionary ideas.

We knew more people than ever owned prestige cars & yachts, summer homes and international retreats, as well as having securities, real estate holdings and lots of cash in the bank.

In short, many people in the U.S. are living good lives!

At the same time, however, the great majority have no excess cash, little job security, and are frequently restless, bored with their jobs, commuting long hours, and harrassed by inflation!

We asked ourselves how do people get to live the "good life"?

Well, we found that most successful people were there because they never wasted time in dead-end situations!

What these people did was to make crucial job changes, and *parlay* their higher earnings into small fortunes!

Take a look at the economics!

Do you realize that if you were to change jobs every 4 years, at an average annual increase of $4,000, and then put the increases in the bank at 6%,–that in 20 years you'd accumulate an extra *half million dollars!*

Getting raises is one thing, but getting significant increases because of job changes is a very important source for wealth!

The next question then, is how can you easily change jobs? This is where the unique system we've developed fits in.

Our system can work for anyone from $8,000 to $80,000. Do it right and you'll gain higher earnings, lifelong job security, but most of all, *everlasting* self confidence!

This is because once you've used it, you'll know you can *always* get a new job,–quickly and predictably.

Perhaps you're wondering why our system works? Well, it works because it's a *completely different approach,* based on totally new concepts.

But, also because it's simple, practical, and self-tailoring. You could start next week–and do it *without strain, confusion or worry.*

But, there is one catch! You won't be a success if you use old methods for dealing with recruiters & agencies, for answering ads & sending out letters, for handling interviews & negotiating salary.

To make more money without a hassle, you'll have to be willing to change. You'll also have to follow our system, have an open mind & have faith in yourself.

However, do this and a better life will be yours!

With our system, whatever you seek–a better job, a new career, higher pay, more satisfaction,–*I believe nothing can stop your success!*

Not age, sex, education, or even low earnings or past working history.

Personnel Magazine said we have a *"breakthrough."*

Business Week devoted a full page article and called it *"indispensable."*

The National Public Accountant even said it was *"capable of catapulting any average person into a position offering much greater rewards."*

However, your best proof of our system is that we've already received thousands of letters from grateful customers.

Letters like one from a gentleman in Arizona who wrote, *"In 4 weeks I changed jobs and raised my salary 33%! I wish I had it 10 years ago!"*

Another man from New York said *"I used one of your letters, sent 24 out, and got 13 interviews and 3 job offers!"*

Still another from California said *"In just 11 days I received an offer of $7,000 more!"*

I know this sounds almost too easy and I can't promise that you will do as well. But, then again you may do better!

Even the largest business magazine in the U.S., **Nation's Business**, said our system was *"incredibly effective."*

Now, if you're serious about wanting to move up, then I know that our system is something you've got to have!

In fact, I'm so convinced that you'll agree that it's worth *hundreds of times the cost,* that I'll make sure you have nothing to lose.

First of all, when your order arrives, we'll ship within 24 hours. No delays!

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Mr. Jameson's ideas have been the subject of more than five hundred articles, ranging from 600 words in Business Week to 3,000 words in Chicago Today. This material has also been nationally advertised in leading media including The Wall Street Journal, Scientific American, Nation's Business, Signature, The New York Times, Newsweek International, The Los Angeles Times, American Scientist, Income Opportunities, Time, Specialty Salesman, Success Unlimited, Chemist, The Army Times, New York, The Chicago Tribune, True & others. © *1973 Performance Dynamics Inc.*

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last after many had died from it, the law itself was laid aside"—Roman historian Lactantius writing in 314 A.D. about the total wage-price control edict, with the death penalty for offenders, issued by the Emperor Diocletian 13 years earlier to fight inflation (quoted by economist William Peterson).

■ *". . . According to this 'compromise,' Nixon—who is, after all, the prime suspect in this criminal proceeding—would write a summary of the taped evidence against him. It would be checked out by Sen. Stennis, a Mississippi racist, and a supporter of the killings in Vietnam, who is already on record as hoping Nixon would 'tough it out' on Watergate. This is like Carlo Gambino writing a 'summary' of evidence against him, having it checked out by Hugh Addonizio, and then firing Brooklyn D.A. Gene Gold for not accepting it. . . ."*

■ Here's an opportunity for the many libertarians who have been thinking about homesteading in the wilds of British Columbia. The whole town of Salmo, B.C., 260 miles east of Vancouver, has been put up for auction sale by Canex Placer, Ltd. after closing its tungsten mine at the site. The sale includes the mine, a tungsten mill, industrial buildings, numerous vehicles and 18 frame houses: a $10-million operation that is expected to bring about $1 million at auction. One megabuck is a pretty cheap price to pay for Utopia.

■ *". . . Meanwhile, it is time for all public men to choose. They can go along with Nixon's lawlessness, or they can make this again a nation of laws, not men. If they let Nixon get away with this . . . then they are defiling the memories [sic] of every young man who ever died to make this a free republic. They might as well take sledgehammers and go through the military cemeteries, knocking over gravestones. In his sleazy way, that is what Richard Nixon is doing right this minute."* Give up? Columnist Pete Hamill, Veterans Day, *New York Post.*

■ Glue in aerosol cans, a product almost indispensable to graphic artists for layout work, has been hastily withdrawn from the market by edict of the Food and Drug Administration. The FDA bureaucrats claim to have discovered, God knows how, that the spray glue may cause birth defects if *eaten* by a pregnant woman. You know how it is with pregnant women. And bureaucrats.

■ The Harvard Law School Forum canceled a scheduled debate between William Shockley and CORE's Roy Innis on the subject of Shockley's theories concerning IQ. The Forum cited "expressions of displeasure within segments of the Harvard community" and fear of disruption. Howard Brownstein, president of the Law Forum, said that the executive board "regrets that conditions are such at Harvard that a free and open debate cannot be held on any subject, no matter how irrational and pernicious that subject appears to some members of the community." The Law School Forum does not agree with what Shockley has to say and was not about to stand up for his right to say it.

■ A government safety commission gave us the fancy new sequentially operated seatbelt ignition interlock system, required in all '74 cars. Comes now a citizen safety commission with the report that the new belts can be dangerous for children who aren't big enough to fit properly into the shoulder harnesses. Because the entire belt must be connected in order for the chariot to start, Mom is going to assume that it is safe for little precious to wear the contraption. And how is she going to know otherwise? Labels, of course. "Warning: Seatbelts may be hazardous to your health."

■ Lots of people have won the Nobel Peace Prize. But how many have dated both Jill St. John and Barbara Howar?

■ Sigh. No more fat Japs. No impudent corps of effete snobs. No radic-libs. No nattering nabobs of negativism. Sob. Gerry Ford wristwatches. Groan.

Where Do We Go from Here?

The system of government established by the Fathers at the Philadelphia Convention has proved to be one of the most stable in history. Like many other stable structures, it is also unwieldy. The governments produced by the parliamentary system, which has been the more usual structure of constitutional republics, are, generally speaking, both more flexible and more sensitive to prevailing political currents, and less stable; not seldom, as in between-the-wars Germany, post-1945 Italy, or pre-de Gaulle France, their instability verges on impotence.

There can be little doubt that under a parliamentary system we would some while ago have "solved" the sort of problem posed this year by the incumbent government. In the first place, of course, the head of government as well as his deputy and ministers would be of the same party as the legislative majority. If he or a number of his close colleagues, or both, were involved in a scandal of Watergate's proportions and consequences, then—even though no crimes had been proved against the head of government and even if much doubt remained about the exact lines between truth, rumor, and slander—he would some time ago have been out of office. Either he would have dissolved the legislature and called a general election to give the electorate a chance to declare itself on the issues and thereby express a sufficient consensus for viable government, or his own party, quite possibly on his initiative, would have replaced him, and the ministers closest to him and to the scandal, with

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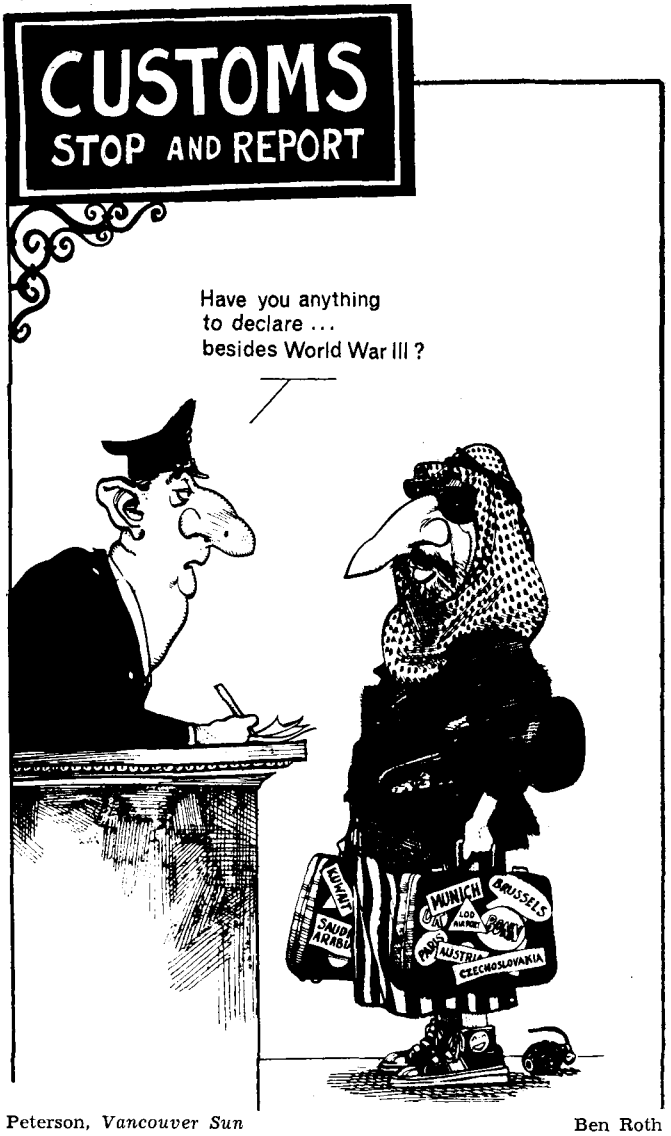
other and untouched party members. Parliamentary solutions do not always satisfy the full claims of law or morality, since the legally innocent and morally decent may be tossed overboard in the storm, but often it works pretty well. Intuitively, if not always rationally, the change of leadership is felt to close the bad old chapter and begin a more promising new one.

We have no well-oiled standby procedure of this kind for changing our head of government, who is also our head of state. We choose him every four years on the appointed day for better or worse, even though that four-year cycle cannot allow for the occasional acute political upheaval. And, as we began by remarking, our method has, normally, a good deal to be said for it. True, our Constitution does have an emergency jettison device in the impeachment clause. But so far as the head of government is concerned, and even the lesser officers, this has proved all but useless in practice.

NR has always thought the fuss over the tapes, on both sides, much exaggerated. It has seemed to us probable that, even if unaltered, the tapes would turn out to be, as the President stated, ambiguous and "capable of differing interpretations," as are most things human beings say to each other. It was a quirk of history that the tapes got blown up like Desdemona's handkerchief.



Peterson, *Vancouver Sun* Ben Roth

The Group Inclusive Portable Warrior

Many, even most, of the individual items are trivial, but, in spite of Zeno's paradox, a great many trivialities can add up to something important. And it is not a matter of quantity alone. The central question raised by the past six months is that of the nature, the over-all quality, of the Nixon regime, and the further question, dependent on the first, of Nixon's ability to govern the country—govern it not in the purely formal sense, which, since we are not at the edge of revolution, our stable institutions assure, but in a manner consonant with the security and voluntary consent and well-being and peace of mind of the citizenry. In short: Richard Nixon is still the legal head of government, but is he, in the meaning proper to a constitutional, republican society, still a *legìtimate* ruler?

The day-by-day Watergate developments have been so multitudinous and so rapidly changing as to benumb the mind and obscure the larger pattern. If we stop to look above the details, the present situation of the Nixon government is really preposterous. Every single one of the President's intimate aides and advisers (except Kissinger, who is in an unrelated category) has been thrown to the wolves, along with key Cabinet members and the Vice President he had twice chosen, and most lately still another Attorney General and the special prosecutor he had appointed supposedly to clean up the mess. Harassed by the relentless guerrilla thrusts of the media, the President has for months been fighting his own legalistic and political guerrilla war from semi-hiding against the legislature, the courts, and even much of the executive branch to hamper or block disclosure of what his colleagues, aides, and he himself have been up to. In spite of the media's provocations, "preposterous" is an appropriate word by which to describe the President's screening operation, since it is he who, by normal rules, should have been heading the search rather than trying to divert, confuse, and suppress it.

Many citizens believe: a) that the President knew about many of the improper and illegal actions, including many still unrevealed, even if he did not specifically initiate them; b) that he in any case bears a general responsibility for the activities of so numerous a band of his entourage; c) that he has perverted, or tried to pervert, agencies of government, including the IRS, the Justice Department, and, most important, the FBI and CIA —that is, the domestic and foreign security agencies—to serve partisan and personal aims; d) that he has tried to cover up the improper and illegal acts of his associates and is himself guilty of improper, degrading, and quite probably illegal acts; e) that he has tried to put himself above and beyond the law; f) that he has lost his credibility.

The accumulated unease with Mr. Nixon's person and

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conduct was triggered into a massive and somewhat hysterical explosion by the firing of Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox and the decapitation of the Justice Department. For the first time the question of impeachment began to be widely and seriously posed, and the rising tumult was checked, somewhat, only by the President's abrupt turn and apparent surrender to Judge Sirica on one sector of the "privilege" front.

If Mr. Nixon is in direct defiance of the courts—as for three days he undoubtedly was—and persists in that defiance; or if one or another of the investigations and judicial inquiries comes up with firm evidence of his guilt in one or more crimes, then Congress will most certainly have to impeach him, in spite of all the awkwardness of the impeachment process. But the problem is not just one of direct defiance or presumptive legal guilt. This country is in the midst of a classic *crise de régime*, and the basic issue, as we have said, is the credibility and legitimacy of the head of government. From the beginning of the Watergate affair, the President's strategy has been based on the expectation that, as nearly every issue does in our volatile society, it would soon blow over, that the public would become bored and would stop wallowing in Watergate. But it has not blown over, and he, as well as the public, is wallowing. The downward plunge of confidence in the President from its postelection high has not noticeably reversed in response to any of his moves. Perhaps the surrender on the tapes will prove a turning point, but if not (as is more likely) and if the public distrust and rejection of Mr. Nixon persists, deepens further, and hardens, the country will be facing the crippling and possibly catastrophic prospect of three years without—a legitimate government.

The one way and the only way to close out that crisis would be by Richard Nixon's departure. Though the Constitution prescribes only the single, very nearly useless, and in this case presumably catatonic process of impeachment for bringing that departure about, there is another much simpler and far less traumatic method entirely consistent with the Constitution: Richard Nixon's resignation. If Mr. Nixon becomes convinced—and by a few more months at most it will be sure, one way or another—that he has irretrievably lost the support and trust of a solid majority of the people, it will then be his duty to resign his office as the only act able to heal the grievous wound. This would be, under the circumstances, the highest act of loyalty and patriotism on his part, and we therefore feel that Richard Nixon, facing the reality, would see resignation as his duty; and if he did not, it would become the duty of his closest friends and associates to persuade him so to see it.

In presenting the possibility of resignation, we assume, of course, the presence of a Vice President who would succeed. More than 60 per cent of the electorate declared its support of the general line of policy they believe to be Mr. Nixon's, and there is no reason to suppose they have changed their minds in that respect, no matter what may have happened to their judgments of Mr. Nixon himself. A Nixon resignation would therefore presuppose congressional confirmation of a Vice President. From a policy standpoint, Gerald Ford sufficiently meets the terms. If Mr. Nixon actually did decide on resignation before Ford's confirmation, and there was serious objection to Ford's becoming President, Mr. Nixon could surely come to a prior agreement with Congress—and with Gerald Ford—on an alternative, if there is felt to be one more able to reunite the government and the nation. The citizens, we feel sure, would not tolerate cheap partisan politics by Congress in such an event.

But if, by the New Year say, no charge of criminal conduct against the President takes unequivocal and public form, and at the same time he makes real progress in regaining the confidence of his countrymen, it will then be time for his critics, and especially his critics in Congress, to put up or shut up. Congress, then, should either stop talking about impeachment and in general stop the wallowing, or vote the impeachment and render the judgment. And if, then, Congress refused either to act or to subside, the President should force the issue and compel Congress to act on impeachment once and for all.

As You Were?

As we write, Phase IV of the 25-year-old Arab-Israeli war has been suspended in accord with a second UN Security Council resolution introduced jointly by the Soviet Union and the United States. Each of the belligerents, however, has stated or implied conditions that put the ceasefire itself on precarious footing and make it as unlikely as ever that a resolution of the conflict is at hand. The Israelis stress that their acceptance of the ceasefire is conditional on release of all Israeli prisoners, and give no hint that they are ready to withdraw from all territories conquered in the 1967 phase or to move toward any settlement of the Palestinian question; on the contrary, they imply that they are more determined than ever to retain permanently at least Sharm el Sheik, the Golan Heights, the West Bank, Jerusalem, and part of the Sinai. The Arabs say they interpret the UN ceasefire terms, as they have interpreted the famous Resolution 242 passed after the 1967 fighting, as calling for the withdrawal of the Israelis from all territories conquered in 1967, including Jerusalem, and a satisfactory settlement of the Palestinian question. Such disputed matters as whether the negotiations shall be direct or indirect, whether negotiations or withdrawal starts first, whether Israeli ships can freely use a repaired Suez Canal, what nations will be at the negotiating table, etc. are left unmentioned.

This latest round of fighting and its aftermath thus mark no progress at all toward a mutually acceptable and thus lasting Arab-Israeli understanding. In one of the rare analyses made from an unimpassioned and objective point of view, Lucius D. Battle, former Assistant Secretary for the Near East and South Asia, writing in the *New York Times Magazine* (Oct. 21), has outlined what a reasonable solution of the Mideast struggle might be: "Most of the Arab land should be returned. All of the Sinai and the West Bank with minor adjustments

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- what famous people are doing
- the Mideast
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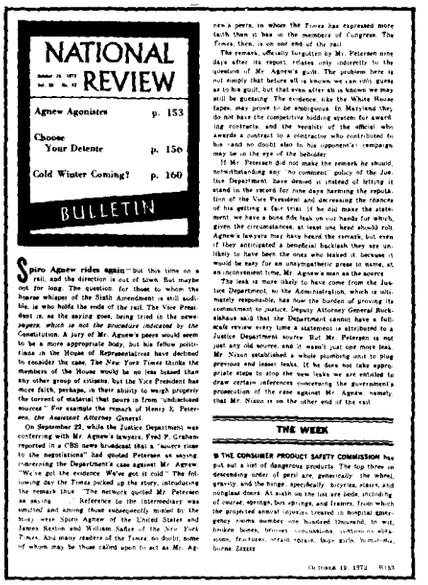

NATIONAL REVIEW

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BULLETIN

Spiro Agnew rides again—but this time on a rail, and the direction is out of town. But maybe not for long. The question, for those to whom the hoarse whisper of the Sixth Amendment is still audible, is who holds the ends of the rail. The Vice President is, as the saying goes, being tried in the newspapers, which is not the procedure indicated by the Constitution. A jury of Mr. Agnew's peers would seem to be a more appropriate body, but his fellow politicians in the House of Representatives have declined to consider the case. The New York Times thinks the members of the House would be no less biased than any other group of citizens, but the Vice President has more faith, perhaps, in their ability to weigh properly the torrent of material that pours in from 'undisclosed sources.' For example the remark of Henry S. Peterson, the Assistant Attorney General:

On September 25, while the Justice Department was conferring with Mr. Agnew's lawyers, Fred P. Graham reported in a CBS news broadcast that a 'lawyers close to the negotiations' had quoted Peterson as saying concerning the Department's case against Mr. Agnew: 'We've got the evidence. We've got it cold.' The following day the Times picked up the story, introducing the remark thus: 'The network quoted Mr. Peterson as saying.' Reference to the intermediary was omitted and among those subsequently misled by the story were Spiro Agnew of the United States and James Reston and William Safire of the New York Times. And many readers of the Times no doubt, none of whom may be those called upon to act as Mr. Agnew's peers, to whom the Times has expressed more faith than it has to the members of Congress. The Times, then, is on one end of the rail.

The remark, officially forgotten by Mr. Peterson nine days after its report, relates only indirectly to the question of Mr. Agnew's guilt. The problem here is not simply that before all is known, we can only guess as to his guilt, but that even after all is known we may still be guessing. The evidence, like the White House tapes, may prove to be ambiguous. In Maryland they do not have the competitive bidding system for awarding contracts, and the morality of the official who awards a contract to a contractor who contributed to his and no doubt also to his opponents' campaign may be in the eye of the beholder.

If Mr. Peterson did not make the remark he should, notwithstanding any 'no comment' policy of the Justice Department, have denied it instead of letting it stand in the record for nine days harming the reputation of the Vice President and decreasing the chances of his getting a fair trial. If he did make the statement, we have a bona fide leak on our hands for which, given the circumstances, at least one head should roll. Agnew's lawyers may have heard the remark, but, even if they anticipated a beneficial backlash they are unlikely to have been the ones who leaked it, because it would be easy for an unsympathetic press to name, at an inconvenient time, Mr. Agnew's man as the source.

The leak is more likely to have come from the Justice Department, to the Administration, which is ultimately responsible, has now the burden of proving its commitment to justice. Deputy Attorney General Rockefeller said that the Department cannot have a full-scale review every time a statement is attributed to a Justice Department source. But Mr. Peterson is not just any old source, and it wasn't just one more leak. Mr. Nixon established a whole plumbing unit to plug previous and lesser leaks. If he does not take appropriate steps to stop the new leaks we are entitled to draw certain inferences concerning the government's prosecution of the case against Mr. Agnew, namely, that Mr. Nixon is on the other end of the rail.

THE WEEK

■ THE CONSUMER PRODUCT SAFETY COMMISSION has put out a list of dangerous products. The top three in descending order of peril are, generically, the wheel, gravity, and the hinge. Specifically: bicycles, stairs, and sectional doors. At each on the list are leads, including, of course, springs, box springs, and frames. From which the projected annual injuries, treated in hospital emergency rooms, number one hundred thousand, to wit, broken bones, bruises, concussions, sprains or dislocations, fractures, strains, sprain, bags, pulls, hernias, burns, losses

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A Good Show

There are times when loyal Anglicans wish that Catherine of Aragon had had twin sons. The General Convention of the Episcopal Church in Louisville was, happily, not one of those times.

A church convention is defined as much by its mood as its legislation. The mood of the two previous General Conventions had been noisy, belligerent, and almost threatening. The atmosphere in Louisville was different: quiet, with an appeal to healing. The crazy antics of yesteryear were gone. One had become accustomed to seeing the heirs of Cranmer, Laud, and Seabury clad in the garb of ranters and dancing by moonlight. In Louisville, the bishops acted like . . . bishops! Take, for example, the election of John Maury Allin as Presiding Bishop.

Bishop Allin sinned by being born a Southerner, and doubly sinned by being bishop of Mississippi for seven years. The day before the election a small group made walking-out noises at his prospects. Three years ago the noises would have assured his defeat. This year, the bishops voted their consciences and elected him on the second ballot. It is never safe to predict what a Presiding Bishop will do. Northern liberals regard Bishop Allin as a conservative. Southerners (regardless of stripe) regard him as a liberal. He is probably a moderate, and probably what the Episcopal Church needs at this point.

Ordination of women to the priesthood and episcopate was defeated. The screams are in the air about the voting procedure. And it is true that the voting procedure is stacked against radical change. But a point could be made that in changing the practice of almost two thousand years the Holy Spirit could use something more than a bare majority. *That* issue will be back again, and again, and again.

César Chavez was there. So, mirabile dictu, were the farm *owners*. Knowing how these things have gone in the past, one listened as bishop after bishop rose and pleaded for a resolution that would make it possible for them to minister to all parties. Mr. Chavez lost this one.

And revision of the Book of Common Prayer continues. The problem is not that the Prayer Book is sacrosanct; it is hopelessly dated in places. The problem is that the ex-writers of psoriasis ads, having done in the Latin rite, have now gone ecumenical. But it is six years before the proposed changes become final, and one may hope (even in this secular age) for a miracle.

All in all, a good show. If the flood waters are still out, this Convention, at least, did not shout hallelujah to the river gods.

SHELDON M. SMITH

should revert to pre-1967 status. The Golan Heights have once again proven to be a basic vulnerability to Israel and the commanding ridge should become Israeli territory permanently. Jerusalem must be internationalized—or at least the holy places must be placed under world control. . . . Lastly, the miserable refugees, the greatest sufferers in this tragic situation, must be given a new chance for a reasonable life. The Israelis cannot now be expected to take back a group many times its original number in 1949. But symbolic repatriation of some, compensation to others, would be a reasonable expectation of Israel. And the rest of the world must help. In the context of a settlement of the Arab-Israeli dispute other nations should be willing to provide new homes for those who want them and money to develop Gaza and the West Bank. The creation of a Palestinian entity as suggested by King Hussein might be helpful—a permanent homeland for Palestinians in the same manner as Israel is the homeland for Jews. The people of the Gaza strip should be permitted to join this entity if they so choose. What the ultimate legal form would be —whether part of Jordan or independent—need not be resolved at present. Fundamental to any settlement is acceptance of the existence of Israel and obligations in support of its status as a state undertaken by all parties, Middle Eastern and other."

And Ambassador Battle realistically concludes: "The contractual obligations of all to accept and adhere to the patterns outlined above must be clear and unequivocal, and the big powers must join to make the common agreement succeed. It might not work. But if it does not, the world must be prepared to face a resumption of war again—and again—and again."

Anatomy of Counterrevolution

It becomes increasingly apparent that what has taken place in Chile is not a mere coup but a counterrevolution with deep roots in Chilean society, one which, moreover, shows signs of theoretical creativity.

As might have been expected, Marxist political and economic institutions have been dismantled at the local level. These institutions were revolutionary in design, a new society, as it were, gestating within the old one, structures often with their own armed components, as well as medical and other services. In rural areas, the regime has aligned itself with the interests of small and medium-sized farmers: not returning estates to the largest landowners, but reversing the illegal seizures of smaller properties tolerated and even encouraged by Allende. The government has also announced its intention to return some three hundred companies taken over by Allende without compensation to their Chilean and foreign owners, a move designed to encourage badly needed investment.

Worth watching from a theoretical perspective, however, is the so-called "gremialist" movement, in concept,

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at least, the creation of political philosopher Jaime Guzman in 1967. A gremio is a middle-class organization representing such groups as truckers, doctors, lawyers, or shopkeepers, and designed to exert leverage in their behalf. During the final phase of the Allende regime, the truckers' and the doctors' organizations played particularly effective roles. Gremialism has a cousinly resemblance to Spanish corporatism, but also differs from it in key respects: The gremio is independent of the state, and in economics the movement favors the free play of prices. The gremios could constitute an important modification of traditional middle-class individualism and prove a viable intermediary institution between the individual and the state.

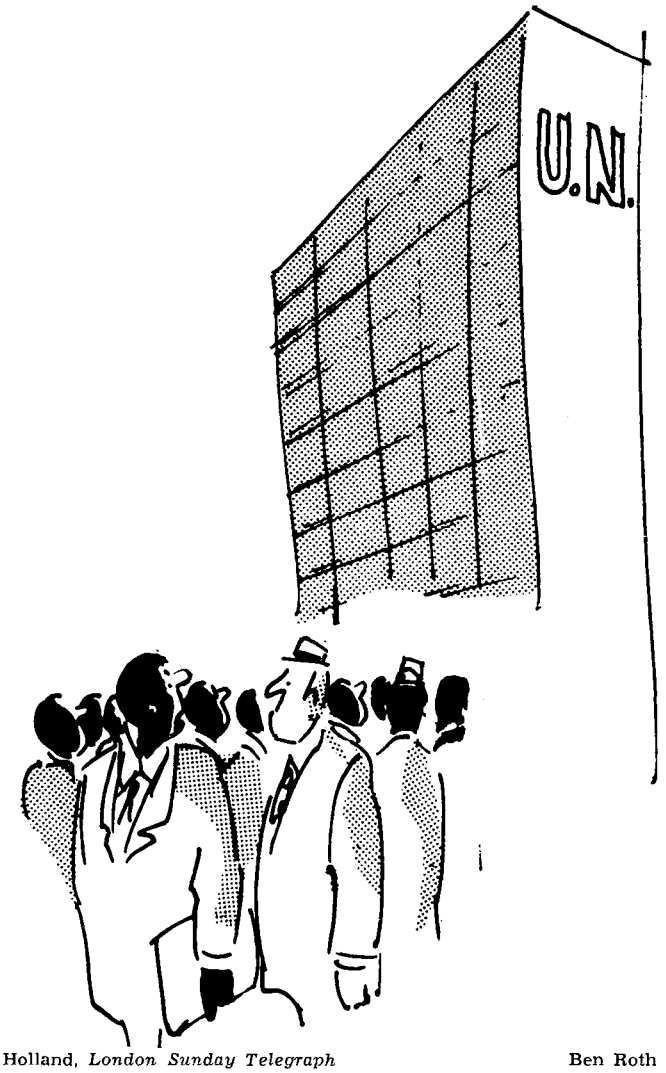
Parasite v. Predator

The antitrust laws are unique in that the prosecution wins about 80 per cent of the time, usually without ever going to court. Judge Christensen summarized the ambiguous state of the art in the *Telex* v. *IBM* decision: "Neither the actual exclusion of competitors nor the realization of unreasonably high profits are elements essential to the offense of monopolization. . . . A specific intent to monopolize is not an essential element of the offense of monopolization . . . [and] it is not essential that monopoly be accomplished by unreasonable restraint of trade or predatory practices." Monopoly, in short, is what judges say it is. Indeed, another judge dismissed an earlier antitrust suit (*Greyhound* v. *IBM*) by declaring that monopoly was not illegal.

In the Telex case, Judge Christensen pored over 86,340 pages of documents and decided that IBM prices its equipment and services in bundles to prevent users from buying part of their needs elsewhere, and that IBM used long-term leases to keep customers from switching to competitors' new offerings. More controversial was the suspiciously familiar charge of "predatory" pricing: If IBM cut prices where it faced competition and raised them where it did not—as charged —then any antitrust action should logically be directed toward the high-priced monopolized market, not the low competitive one. Yet antitrust, like other government regulation, has a long tradition of being used to protect firms from "cutthroat" competition—i.e., low prices.

The most novel element of the Telex decision was the finding that a firm can be guilty of monopolizing part of its own product—in this case by not making public all changes in the interface by which peripheral equipment can be plugged into an IBM mainframe. If that decision stands, it will at least mean that automakers will have to get busy standardizing carburetor flanges and bell housing bolt patterns, so that Ford carburetors and engines can be installed in GM cars.

Contrary to many press reports, the Telex decision has no logical—though it may have a psychological—



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Ben Roth

"We had a four-minute warning that South Africa was about to speak."

bearing on the pending Justice Department antitrust suit against IBM, which the Johnson Administration bequeathed, as a parting joke, on its last day in office. Justice wants to prove that IBM monopolized the electronic data-processing industry in general, and to break IBM into about 17 pieces (while Japan and Europe are vigorously consolidating their EDP firms). But Judge Christensen was explicit: "There is little or no indication in the evidence introduced in this case that IBM adopted specific programs to throttle or impede general systems competition . . ."

Pablo Casals, R I P

Somewhere along the line Whittaker Chambers remarked that one must forgive birds of paradise political naiveté. Surely this is true if one is dealing with men of captivating personal sincerity: Casals and Picasso were both geniuses and both gave their name and prestige to the Left. Picasso was devious. But Casals was never in search of the Communist state, but rather of

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Brook Farm, and the distorted attention he gave to the repressions of General Franco in a world of Stalin were the mark of the perfectionist, not of the man of guile. Let us remember, then, only his genius. As there are notes on the scale so highly pitched that only dogs are said to hear them, there is art so sublime that it all but escapes human comprehension. Such was Casal's art. It is said that perhaps his mastery of the cello exceeded the mastery of anyone, ever, over any single instrument. His devotion to his work, his personal philanthropy, the nobility of his relations with his instrument, with his music, and with his musicians, made him probably the most popular, as well as the most respected, musician of his age.

Leo Strauss, R I P

The greatness of Leo Strauss is reflected both in his books and in his students. Each of his works was classic in several senses of the word: definitive, groundbreaking, indispensable, deeply involved with tradition —especially that of the classical roots of the West— yet extending that tradition into the present and developing it. The example of Strauss, his demonstration of how to read and how to think, deeply impressed itself on several generations of political philosophers; and the very diversity of his students—many of them now occupy high posts in major universities all across the nation—is equally a measure of the man. He did not endeavor to produce replications of himself but enabled his students to fulfill the best in themselves. Gladly did he learn, and gladly teach.

Notes & Asides

Envoi, Spiro Agnew

Remarks by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., New York Conservative Party Dinner, October 15, 1973

Ladies and gentlemen, I sometimes have the feeling that to me the balance of the year is nothing more than an interruption of the continuing speech I deliver to the Conservative Party at its annual dinner. Worse still, I sometimes feel that this is the way many of you surely look upon it. I have no doubt that some of you have whispered to yourselves: "God, I wish Buckley would take a bribe. We need a new face." I would not blame you, though I hope you would blame me, concerning which point more in just a minute.

It was eight years ago that you nominated me to run for mayor of New York. The punishment visited upon the City for its failure to heed your advice has been draconian. I think we can say not merely that there will be better days ahead, but that there are bound to be better days ahead. It was said recently that Abe Beame wouldn't know how to find a Broadway theater. Well, he could always ask the vice squad for directions. Four years ago you nominated John Marchi, and it was he who was the instrument for demonstrating that the majority of Republicans did not think of John Lindsay as one of them. This demonstration ended by driving Mr. Lindsay from the ranks of the Republican Party, though to be sure in due course he discovered, in Florida, that the majority of Democrats do not believe him to be one of them. There is nothing to be ashamed of here. John Lindsay's ideas occupy a unique place in American politics, and there is no room for a following. Mr. Lindsay is his own man, and I desire for his views a genuine exclusivity.

I mentioned that you nominated John Marchi four years ago. Please believe me that I intend to say nothing Florentine when I say that having pledged myself to John Marchi in 1969, and having campaigned for him in 1969, I was so much struck by your wisdom in nominating him, and so much struck by his talents, and devotion to duty, that I made a subjective commitment to endorse him if he ran again, and this commitment I made to him over a year ago. John Marchi, as some of you are aware in contemplating his late decision to run, is not the most punctual of men. Rosemary Gunning, who is the most diplomatic lady in the world, once said about him that he is "sometimes a few minutes late." A more accurate way to put it is that he is sometimes a few minutes late for yesterday's speech. I hope he wins, and in case he does, I suggest the committee that will escort him to his inaugural should prepare for its duties soon.

A year ago our guest of honor was Spiro Agnew. I gather, from listening to the President's speech the other night, that Mr. Agnew's name will not again cross presidential lips. This is what Mr. Nixon must mean when he deplores what he calls our "obsession" with the past.

One wishes that his instinct—to treat Spiro Agnew the other night as an unperson—was merely an act of chivalry. One fears it is something more than that. My own feeling is that it is an unkindness to Mr. Agnew, as his speech tonight itself indicates, to proceed as though he had never existed. I say this intending to make a human point, and a social point as well. Charles Van Doren was permitted twenty years ago to slip into oblivion, and many centuries have gone by since it was prescribed that guilty men be exposed at regular intervals for public castigation. But there was much to learn from the episode involving Charles Van Doren, and there is much to learn from the tragic career of Spiro Agnew. It did not require the experience of Agnew to teach us the dangers of greed. A tale of Chaucer began with the legend: "*Cupiditas radix omnium malorum*": Cupidity is the root of all evil. As a matter of fact, cupidity isn't the root of all evil, but of much evil. Certainly it was a factor in

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what we have come to think of as the great betrayal of Spiro Agnew.

The fault was substantially his. But the consequences of his weaknesses are substantially ours. We go to such lengths to identify positions with people that we find it hard to detach those positions from those people when it becomes convenient to do so. So comprehensively did Agnew emerge on the political scene as the incarnation of law, order, probity, and inflexible ethics, that now that he has fallen, we are made to feel that the case for law, order, probity, and inflexible ethics has somehow fallen too: that ethics is itself subject to bribe and delinquency. This tendency to anthropomorphize our ideals is an American habit that can get us, indeed has just now gotten us, into deep trouble.

The conservative community was outraged when, twenty years ago, Dean Acheson said following the conviction of Alger Hiss that he would not turn his back on Alger Hiss. It was felt then that Acheson was not saying merely that he would stand by, in his hour of need, an old friend—even one who had lied and lied and lied, and who had worked for a foreign dictator, and who had attempted (indeed still does) to bring down an innocent man in order to save his own skin—Acheson was saying not merely that he would stand by that man, but that, in effect, he doubted the processes of justice that found that man guilty. That was why we were outraged.

And we have a right to be outraged against those who, for old times' sake, and in veneration of their ideals as so trenchantly defended by Vice President Agnew, will say now: *I'm standing behind Agnew—Agnew was framed.* Mr. Agnew, reaching for self-justification tonight, is no more plausible than Alger Hiss. He lost his plausibility after looking the ladies of California in the eye and telling them that he would not resign under any circumstances, only to do so a fortnight later, pleading guilty to one felony, and acquiescing in the publication of a dossier of data about his activities which, if it is a tissue of lies, permits us to believe that the Justice Department and the FBI and the Judiciary conspired together to frame Alger Hiss. I do not see that it is a part of our creed to suggest that no one who believes in our creed can succumb to temptation. Rather our political creed is substantially built upon the need to advertise the lures of temptation: Government, we believe, is presumptively guilty of self-enhancement at the expense of the people's liberty, and although the definition of a crime is often capricious, and can even be a reflection of idiosyncratic cultural traditions, making it for instance perfectly okay to promise to make someone a judge when you come to power, or even a Vice President, it is in fact wrong for money to pass hands. What you cannot tolerate, in politics, is precisely what is required in law: a consideration. Mr. Agnew knew all this, and it really would not affect one's judgment of what he did if he could prove that while governor he had in fact selected among all the bidders and awarded the contract to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel to Michelangelo. He looked us all in the eyes and said he was not guilty, had done nothing wrong, was being persecuted by the Justice Department, would not resign: And we believed him. I think it right that we should have believed him. But I think it wrong that because we have over several years now treated Mr. Agnew and the ideas Mr. Agnew is associated with as inseparable, that we should, in order to attempt to salvage those ideas, attempt to salvage Mr. Agnew. The temptation—our temptation—is, really, to salvage our own pride. The temptation is to say, as so many said to themselves about Alger Hiss: The man I trust is therefore trustworthy.

I began by saying that it is the highest tribute to Mr. Agnew to take his ideals so seriously as to apply them to Agnew himself. To say that the guilty should be removed from power, however great the sacrifice to those of us who are bereft. That we are mature enough to make moral decisions and abide by the consequences. That we are so gravely committed to high standards of behavior that we are willing to renounce those who stray from those high standards—even if they are our friends and heroes.

It is a terrible irony that at the moment in history when liberalism is sputtering in confusion, empty of resources, we should be plagued as we are by weak and devious men. The terrible sadness of Spiro Agnew's existence touches everything we do today: our manifestos, our analysis, our hymns, and our laughter. Through our participation in this adversity we must seek strength, such strength as we derive from knowing that Mr. Agnew was profoundly right about many of the causes of our decline, that though he proved to be a physician who could not heal himself, in his words as uttered over four years there were the rocks of truth, and to these truths, however dazed and saddened, we rededicate ourselves, without hesitation, with faith, with hope, and with charity.

—WFB

The Shrinking Perimeter

Defending Richard Nixon isn't like
A tour of duty at King Arthur's Court.
Nor is it like those happy days when Ike
Could call upon the heavens for support.
No, this is more like fighting from a fort:
The enemy advances up the hill,
And if you fail to force him to abort,
You'll soon be emulating Jack and Jill.
My feeling for the man is nearly nil.
Except for Rehnquist, what is there to show?
His list to leeward really made me ill,
And yet I do not seek his overthrow.
You see, although his policy appalls,
The faces scare me crawling up the walls.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Stay Tuned

It had been a beautiful, crisp autumn day but it was not quiet along the Potomac the night Mr. Nixon drove ol' Archie down. Radio broadcasts in Washington by 10 P.M. Saturday, October 20, made the nation's capital sound like downtown Santiago. The FBI had seized the offices of the Special Watergate Prosecutor. Various local figures were milling around in the street outside those offices, saying "Charles the First had his Cromwell . . ." or words to that effect. The broadcast reporters with their tape recorders were catching up with the politicians, with their tape-recorded minds (E. Muskie: "It smacks of dictatorship").

But for all the fecklessness and demagoguery the major participants in the drama were large men playing with skill for high stakes in a clash of serious issues.

The major characters were these:

Richard Nixon: President, in whom the Constitution says "the"—definite article—"executive power shall be vested."

Archibald Cox: Most recent example of a familiar American political type, the sophisticated man cunningly contriving to seem like an innocent. Like Wendell Willkie, the "barefoot boy from Wall Street," like Sam Ervin, who is "just an ol' country lawyer," Mr. Cox, with his bow ties and Mr. Chips manner, all chalk dust and lecture room drone, challenged Mr. Nixon for control of a portion of "the" executive power of the U.S. Government.

John Sirica: Judge, nicknamed "Maximum John" because he imposes heavy sentences. On Friday evening the aforementioned Mr. Nixon was refusing to obey a court order to turn over to him the tapes.

Elliot Richardson: Attorney General of the United States Saturday evening. He worked under the aforementioned Mr. Nixon and over the aforementioned Mr. Cox. Man in the middle. Fortunately for the Republic, a gentleman.

Sticking with basics, the main events were these:

June 17, 1972: Guard discovers a taped door-lock in Watergate building. July 1973: Chance inquiry by Ervin Committee investigator elicits from former White House staff member the information that all of Mr. Nixon's conversations in the White House are on tape. Then in rapid succession, Judge Sirica orders White House to honor subpoena from Mr. Cox for nine tapes and other documents. Appeals court sustains Judge Sirica.

By going to court to contest the subpoena, Mr. Nixon seems to have accepted the idea that the court has jurisdiction to rule on the matter of what "presidential documents" (tapes emphatically included) can be covered by executive privilege. But Mr. Nixon actually is comfortably caught in a logical cleft stick: He is in court to argue that Presidents, not courts, define executive privilege.

Meanwhile, nestled in another logical cleft stick is Mr. Cox, his office created at the insistence of one half of the legislative branch. He is a subordinate of Mr. Nixon's in the executive branch, and is suing Mr. Nixon. Heads he loses, tails Mr. Nixon wins. When the going gets tough, you compromise, or fire the man who is making it tough. By mid-October Mr. Nixon decides it is time to settle the matter of who gets custody of the tapes. He says: I still will not formally comply with the court order because that would set a dangerous precedent that would haunt all future Presidents—it would allow any one of four hundred federal judges to go rooting around in presidential files. But, while being in studied, principled, conspicuous noncompliance with the letter of the court order, I will give in on the substance. I will make summaries of the tapes and Senator Stennis will verify them and give them to Senators Ervin and Baker. In return for this concession, Mr. Cox will never again darken the White House door with his nagging subpoenas for documents regarding this or "other matters" (such as ITT, campaign finances, Mr. Nixon's personal property dealings, etc.).

Why did Mr. Nixon move to compromise when he did? Some say it was because he saw that Mr. Cox's army—the best young investigators from the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations—was closing in on Mr. Nixon with regard to those "other matters." The White House says he compromised in order to free all hands for coping with the unpleasantness in the Middle East.

But then Mr. Cox refused to compromise, arguing that Mr. Nixon should comply with the court order and promising to darken the White House door with bad news and unpleasant demands. So Mr. Nixon fires Mr. Cox, and Mr. Richardson resigns. He resigns on Saturday night, but sends a lucid and elegant letter making clear that his resignation is not a *protest* against Mr. Nixon's action, the reasons for which he fully "respects." Rather, he says, he is resigning for the formal and honorable reason that he had assured the Senate that Mr. Cox would have certain rights that Mr. Nixon had felt it necessary to withdraw.

It is Tuesday morning and a firestorm of protest has swept the nation. An Oliver Quayle poll reveals more Americans in favor of impeachment than against it. Five hours later the tapes are released. Mr. Nixon is in compliance with the court order, as he could have been Friday. But Mr. Cox is gone. His files and many of his staff are absorbed by the criminal division of the Justice Department. The division is headed by the man who, last July, passionately told the Senate Watergate Committee how bitterly he, a twenty-year veteran of the Department, resented the distrust of the Department implied by the Senate's insistence on the appointment of Mr. Cox. He said then: We could be trusted to investigate our superiors in the executive branch. Who is this man? Henry Petersen, the man who said of Mr. Agnew's case, "We've got the evidence. We've got it cold."

Bumper sticker on a car honking ferociously past the White House: "One Down, One to Go." Stay tuned, keep your eye on the ball. The ball, like the files and the passion to prove that Justice does justice without fear or favor, is in Mr. Petersen's court, heading for court. □

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Moscow Wins Heads or Tails

THE COVER of the *Economist*'s first issue following the outbreak of Phase IV of the Arab-Israeli war carried a picture of desert soldiers and the streamer, WHATEVER HAPPENS IS BAD. The unconditioned assertion is not up to the *Economist*'s usual level of accuracy. By adding a small qualification, we may affirm the direct opposite: For the Soviet Union, *whatever happens is good*. There is no way for Moscow to lose this one.

Moscow's victory did not depend on the battlefields. Whether it was win, lose, or draw for the Arab states that she was supplying with weapons, intelligence, guidance, and global political backing, Moscow was ahead. In fact, a clearcut Arab victory would probably not have been the best possible outcome for Moscow, because over the longer run it would have tended to reduce Arab dependency on Moscow's beneficence. (Among nations, gratitude is a scarce commodity, and for that matter is not numbered among the virtues in Islamic doctrine, since Allah is the sole source of all good.) A total and permanent military victory of Israel over the entire Arab world is impossible. The most favorable finish for Phase IV—still analyzing, of course, from Moscow's standpoint—would be short of conclusive, and this is apparently what Moscow is going to get.

Looking for the Key

The Soviet objective in the Mideast is *geopolitical ascendancy*. The Mideast gains critical importance from two factors: 1) its geographical location as a sort of Tricontinental Bridge connecting Asia, Africa, and Europe; 2) its economic weight as the world's major reservoir of petroleum. The Soviet Union does not envision, for the present, an Alexandrine conquest of the Mideast. By dynamic political and economic operations Moscow is seeking freedom of maneuver in the waters and air space in, over, and near the Mideast. Soviet progress in this pursuit has been spectacular, with Syrian and Egyptian ports and Aden opened up to the expanding Soviet navy, and airfield and overflight rights multiplied for Soviet aircraft, both civil and military. Concomitantly the Soviet Union seeks to reduce, or to be in a position to reduce, such freedom for the Western states, most particularly for the U.S. And though it does not presently seek (and could not use) all the oil and gas gushing from Mideast sands, it does want to pre-empt the role which, together with the junior partnership of Britain, the Netherlands, and France, the U.S. has had for the past two decades, of middleman and head dispatcher in the global allocation of the oil and gas.

Moscow's Mideast strategy has encountered plenty of bumps and jolts along the way. Most of the Arab regimes prefer to be masters in their own houses, and are therefore wary about outsiders bearing gifts or threats. Many of the Arab regimes are strongly anti-Communist and therefore doubly wary about entanglements with a Communist state. The interests and ideas of the various Arab governments are in many respects conflicting. Moreover, the Russians, who in the past have not had much direct experience in the Mideast, made many mistakes in dealing with Mideasterners. But after floundering around during the Fifties, Moscow began concentrating on the two bets that were heavily stacked in her favor and were simultaneously tending to bring the Arab world together: hatred and greed, as a cynic might call them—hatred of Israel and greed for a maximum price for the buried treasure; honor and a fair deal, that is, in a politer diplomatese.

In relation to both, U.S. policy was crippled. U.S. policy toward Israel had developed from the benign to the obsessive. The special relation to Israel had come to mean, apparently, an open-ended support of Israel, support of Israel at any cost. And in the haggling over the price of oil, the U.S., as the broker and attorney for the oil consumers, appears to the Arab producing nations as the chief haggler on the other side of the countinghouse table.

So Soviet policy has been happily playing both lines: We will give you Arabs the weapons and knowhow to get your revenge-justice on Israel, and by our competitive political-economic offers (cf. Iraq, Libya) we will help you squeeze more dollars out of the bloated Yankee. Moscow has no wish to drive the Israelis into the sea; on the contrary, Israel is a necessary anvil for the Soviet hammer. But when the Phase IV shooting started, no doubt with her advance knowledge, Moscow's strategy left her free to offer and deliver a stream of weapons, and to encourage *all* Arab states, right, left, and center, to join hands with the blessing and help of Mother Russia. And the Soviet presidium could smile cheerfully as the oil spigots began to close.

Detente and Detente

Then, at the moment of Soviet choosing—a timing set, no doubt, by signs of approaching Arab collapse on the Sinai front—Brezhnev was in a position to summon the detente-bemused and detente-harnessed Henry Kissinger to the Kremlin to sign a ceasefire and underwrite a shifting of the war from its fourth fighting phase to another political phase. (As usual, the vector of travel reveals the political dynamics: Kissinger goes to Moscow, not Gromyko to Washington.) Throughout this entire episode U.S. policy was condemned to be passive and negative: able to react only, never to act. The U.S. reaction, with its assurance of weapons replacements, permitted the Israelis to commit their reserves and thus accomplished the immediate U.S. objective of preventing a decisive Israeli defeat. But by that very fact it piled still greater obstacles to more fruitful relations with the Arabs and thus bolstered Soviet Mideast policy. The Arab governments have again a plausible basis for excusing the flaws in their own military performance as due to U.S. intervention.

This October fighting was, as I have indicated, Phase IV in a Mideast war that started in 1948. It was also a regional campaign in the longer, larger war that we nowadays call "detente." □

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VIRGINIA ELECTION

Direction for the South?

RICHARD D. OBENSHAIN

On November 6, the voters of Virginia will make a fateful decision in their choice of a governor. If they elect Mills Godwin, the Republican candidate, the political realignment of the South will be dramatically advanced. If he loses, though, to Independent Henry Howell, Virginia will become a major beachhead for the radical Democratic invasion of Southern politics.

Not since 1964 has there been a solid movement toward realignment in the South. Suddenly, this year, John Connally switched to the GOP. And now Mills Godwin, the last Democratic governor of Virginia, has taken the key leadership in moving Southern conservatives into the Republican Party.

A year ago, few could have expected the formal merger of Virginia's Republicans and conservative Democrats to occur so soon. The Republican Party of Virginia had just completed two disastrous campaigns—finishing a poor third in races for the U.S. Senate in 1970 and for lieutenant governor in 1971. Faced with a race against Lieutenant Governor Henry Howell, liberal to the bone and an expert campaigner, Governor Godwin was expected to eschew a formal tie with the Republicans, and try the independent route to the governor's mansion. To succeed, he would have had to persuade the Republican Party to bypass the gubernatorial race and give at least tacit support to the Godwin candidacy. The flaw in that theory was that the Republican Party, faced with a similar alternative in 1970, had divided bitterly on the issue and voted (60 to 40) to run a candidate against Harry F. Byrd Jr. for the U.S. Senate.

While the question of Godwin's independent candidacy was still up in the air, two pivotal events occurred. First, in June 1972 the conservatives took control of the Republican Party of Virginia, overwhelmingly electing a new State Chairman and National Committeeman. The Party thus signaled its commitment to a conservative realignment in Virginia and its enthusiastic welcome to disgruntled conservative Democrats. The attraction of this message was enhanced when, one week after the Republican Convention, the Democrats took a dramatic turn in the opposite direction. In a burst of radical fury, the Virginia Democratic Convention purged the Party's responsible leaders and elected a fanatically McGovernite delegation to the Miami convention.

While the ideological attraction of the Republican Party had been established, however, the conservative Democrats were still not certain that the Republican Party had sufficient muscle to be the vehicle for future conservative victories. That issue was settled on election day 1972, when Virginians elected Bill Scott to the United States Senate by a margin of 82,000 votes. The margin of Scott's victory, over an able and intellectual opponent widely regarded as unbeatable, allayed most of the doubts. It seemed to prove, as the new leadership of the Republican Party had steadfastly maintained, that a conservative Republican *could* win a statewide election in Virginia.

From there, it was a long road to the nomination of Mills Godwin as the Republican candidate for governor. In retrospect, the road was all downhill. What remained, primarily, was the very real pain of realignment. Outsiders might say: "Why all the agonizing? These folks are all conservatives—Democrat and Republican. Why don't they go on and get together?" The answer is intensely personal. Governor Godwin, for example, has been in public life for more than 25 years—all as a Democrat. Deep personal and political ties bound him closely to thousands of Virginia Democrats.

Governor Godwin was therefore desirous that his transition to the Republican Party be gradual, so that his Democratic friends could accommodate to the change—emotionally and politically. First, Godwin renounced the Democratic Party. Then, he announced his candidacy for governor, but without specifying whether as an Independent or a Republican. Next, his chief supporters, led by former Democratic Congressman and State Chairman Watkins M. Abbitt, lined up large numbers of prominent Democrats who promised to support Godwin regardless of the path he took to the governorship. Then, in a dramatic press conference on March 5, 1973, Godwin announced that if the Republican nomination for governor were offered him, he would accept it.

For the next three months, the principal agonizing was among the Republicans. Many Republicans had deep reservations about welcoming such a prominent former antagonist as the standard-bearer of their party. But, in the months leading up to the GOP Convention in June, Governor Godwin managed to win over most of the Republican opposition.

That Republican Convention will undoubtedly be remembered as a key event in the movement toward Southern realignment. The nomination of Governor Godwin, so logical on its face, was not an easy event. After years of opposition between Republicans and conservative Democrats, the deep personal loyalties and inevitable personal antagonisms could have exploded the merger at any time. But it did not happen. Governor Godwin touched the truth of the realignment, its strains and its promise, as he stood in the wings waiting to accept the nomination of the Party he had opposed for 25 years. He turned to Republican Congressmen Kenneth Robinson, Bill Wampler, and Stan Parris and said, "If you folks think it's strange for me to be here, just think how I feel."

As Mills Godwin rose to accept the Republican nomination, he began, "As one of you . . ." At that moment, the wariness, the nervousness, the uncertainty vanished, and Virginia Republicans jumped to their feet with a tremendous and sustained roar. The realignment had begun. If the people of Virginia elect Mills Godwin as their governor, they will have led the way in uniting the Southern convervatives with the Republican Party. The stakes are high indeed, not only for Virginia, but for the South, and for the GOP. □

Mr. Obenshain is State Chairman of the Republican Party of Virginia.

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WALTER BERNS

The "Essential Soul" of Dan Berrigan

> *". . . Father Dan is reported to have confided to a press conference [at the Cannes Film Festival] that he liked the movie and thought the actor who played him . . . had 'caught my essential soul.'"*
>
> **VINCENT CANBY** *New York Times*, May 28, 1972

IN THE OLD DAYS at Cornell nobody paid much attention to the religious community on campus. It existed; it had its own chaplains—its "livings," so to speak—but not on the university payroll; it even had its own building, thanks to the generosity of Myron C. Taylor, Franklin Roosevelt's special ambassador to Pope Pius XII, but nothing much went on there beyond the simply devotional or ceremonial. Occasionally one of the chaplains, in a forlorn bid for a larger congregation, would suggest that academic credit be given for some Bible study course he was giving, or wanted to give, hoping that this additional enticement would do for Bible study what it had for Naval ROTC; but that sort of thing could, in those days, and however unjustly in some cases, be rejected with little more than an indulgent smile. A chaplain's lot was probably not a happy one on any college campus, but at Cornell, with its anticlerical background, it seemed an especially unhappy one. One of the best of the chaplains, a man dearly loved by some students for his wisdom and goodness, was not displeased when his bishop reassigned him to a parish church in town. Cornell's business was—well, if not business, certainly not Biblical studies, and, unlike almost every other private university in the country, never had been. James Perkins, president of the university for a time, knew what he was asking when, during the planning for the centennial, he suggested that the university chorus sing something appropriate to Cornell, and not that "religious stuff." The chorus ended up singing Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, not in a spirit of defiance, but because no one except Perkins could imagine two hundred voices belting out in a concert at New York's Lincoln Center the "Cornell Even' Song" (sung to the tune of "O Tannenbaum"), or even the well-known "Far Above Cayuga's Waters."

On the whole, the only religious facility that enjoyed much custom was the chapel (destined to be destroyed by arson during the Troubles in 1968-69, although no one could figure out why or by whom): Here the faculty could marry off its children and bury its dead, without having to serve as wardens, ushers, lay readers, deacons, or on fund-raising committees, or even pretend to any particular form of piety (the altar revolved, displaying at the touch of a button a choice of faces: Christian or very Christian, Jewish, and another that might be described as "none of the above"). To paraphrase the familiar aphorism known to generations of students of public administration, Cornell's clerics were on tap, but not on top, available for ceremonial occasions, like striped trousers and tailcoats, but otherwise playing no role in what was understood to be the serious daily life of the university.

This situation had changed considerably by the time Father Daniel Berrigan, SJ (who asks everyone to call him Dan) arrived in the autumn of 1967. John Kennedy was dead and, for college students at least, so was the Peace Corps. Overseas service had come to mean service in Vietnam, which had the effect of reminding the young men in the student body that duty is not necessarily compatible with self-interest. With the assistance of an eager and suddenly relevant clergy, the more selfishly disposed young men promptly rechristened self-interest Moral Conscience, and civil disobedience became a way of life at Cornell: draft-card burnings, confrontations with chemical company representatives and military recruiters, disruptions of public meetings and ROTC commissioning ceremonies—in fact, almost the full range of events that would shortly characterize the extracurricular life on most campuses. All this was done with the blessings of the clergy; in March 1967, six months before Dan arrived on the scene, they issued a public statement "affirming the moral right of these students to engage in such civil disobedience" and pledging their help in the event some retaliatory action be threatened against the students, especially "disciplinary action by the University." Anabel Taylor Hall, the campus religious center, took on a new life, teeming with students and jubilant clergy pledging to each other, if not their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor, at least their approbation of whatever they might contrive to do next in the name of their newly discovered moral purpose. In their way, the clergy had declared war on the United States Government.

One might have thought that sending Dan Berrigan to this place at this time was like sending coals to Newcastle or William Sloane Coffin to the Woodstock Festival, but Dan was no ordinary opponent of the war and no ordinary priest, a fact that those who have experienced the intensity

Professor Berns, now in the Department of Political Economy at the University of Toronto, was teaching at Cornell when Father Berrigan was there.

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of his antiwar passion and have been charmed by the soft music of his voice will eagerly confirm. Why should Cornell be unique and resist him who has in abundance that special charm we associate with the Irish? Yeats set it down for us:

There was a green branch hung with many a bell
When her own people ruled this tragic Eire;
And from its murmuring greenness, calm of Faery,
A Druid kindness, on all hearers fell.

It charmed away the merchant from his guile,
And turned the farmer's memory from his cattle,
And hushed in sleep the roaring ranks of battle:
And all grew friendly for a little while.

He had insisted that the time was past "when good men can remain silent," and his quiet but compelling voice had been heard in the church as now it would be heard on campus, among the poor and meek as well as the rich and the proud, the nameless as well as the famous: Gregory Peck, who was so moved by the idea of a "group of people [putting] their freedom on the line . . . breaking the law, knowing they'd be arrested," that he devoted a rather large sum of his own money to the task of filming Dan's play, *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*, so that it might be seen by a wider audience; and Leonard Bernstein held one of his famous fund-raising evenings for him and his brother Philip, thereby indicating that in Radical Chic circles Dan ranked right up there with the Panthers.

There are those who say Dan Berrigan is not popular with the higher officials of the Roman Catholic Church and his Jesuit order, that he is the sort of priest "who causes the lights of the Vatican to burn through the night," but there is little evidence of this. On the contrary, he seems to have had a profound effect on the younger clergy, and on some older ones too, giving them a new sense of mission and a greater zeal in its performance; nor has he encountered anything like the opposition that Arthur Terminiello and Charles Coughlin, radical priests of a generation ago, had to contend with. Terminiello was suspended by his bishop, and Coughlin was silenced by his superiors while his magazine, *Social Justice*, was barred from the mails as a violation of the Espionage Act; whereas, when Dan began serving his sentence in the federal institution at Danbury, Connecticut the Jesuit Provincial of New England went to the trouble of welcoming him to the province as "a suffering and prophetic brother," and expressed the hope the prison authorities would permit them to celebrate a Mass together.

Well, Dan did not initiate the antiwar movement at Cornell, but it was inevitable that he should take command of it almost as soon as he set foot on campus. The others lacked his flair and his poetic gifts, and, of course, his notoriety. They might preach civil disobedience, but Dan engaged in it—dramatically—and even the priest who went to the trouble of getting himself reclassified precisely to get hold of a draft card he could burn with some reason, got less mileage out of it than Dan got by taking a glass or two, or something, with the boys. He preached, he debated, he counseled, he read his poetry, he lent a soulful presence to a campus not accustomed to it, he served as faculty sponsor of the Homophile Society, he celebrated Mass daily, and he heard an occasional confession. A familiar figure on his edge of the campus, in his beret and turtleneck sweater festooned with medallions of one sort or another, he was constantly surrounded by numbers of admiring students and "nonstudents."

He talked then as he still talks of doing "an unfashionable thing," but actually he was among the most popular figures on campus, increasingly the cynosure of most eyes. The Catonsville affair took place after he had been at Cornell for about a year, and while it would lead to his arrest, trial, conviction, and, after unsuccessful appeals and a four-month period leading the FBI on that merry chase, an eventual imprisonment, none of this was calculated to make him unpopular. In fact, it would appear to have enhanced his status among the people he was trying to reach. The night he debated a professor from the Government Department on the subject of civil disobedience (his prepared remarks that night appear now as Chapter Four of his book, *No Bars to Manhood*), he arrived 15 to 20 minutes late, strolling down the central aisle of the Moot Courtroom of the Law School with his retinue strung out behind him like some inspecting officer's staff. There was a delay while he carried on and lost an argument with the professor of law who was chairing the meeting concerning the failure on the part of someone to set aside space for this retinue, and then still another delay while they found their way to the room set aside for the overflow. But of course no one left. The promise of his presence ensured that.

He made his first Cornell mistake that night and was hissed for it, which came as something of a shock to him,

The priestly Peter Pan looking ... younger than his years was transformed into the middle-aged enfant terrible

presumably because it had never happened to him before. During the question period he was asked whether he and the eight others at Catonsville had considered the possibility that some harm might come to the defenseless and probably terrified clerk in the draft board office when she saw these grim and uniformed ecclesiastics descend upon her like avenging angels, wrest the card files from her care, and proceed to the parking lot there to burn them with homemade napalm. It must have been a Mephistophelian scene. "It would have scared me half to death," the questioner concluded.

"Yes," Dan replied after a moment's thought, "we gave that *prayerful* consideration. But we decided the protest was so important that we had to run that risk. . . . Besides," he concluded after a short pause, probably recalling that they had not bothered to solicit the clerk's views as to whether *she* wanted to run that risk, "anyone who works for the draft board deserves no more consideration than the guards at Belsen and Dachau."

And for this remark he was hissed—not roundly, not generally, but, I think it would be fair to say, generously. Of course, it ought to have been greeted with a roar of outrage, especially by the Christians in the audience, as a way of dissociating themselves from a remark so grossly

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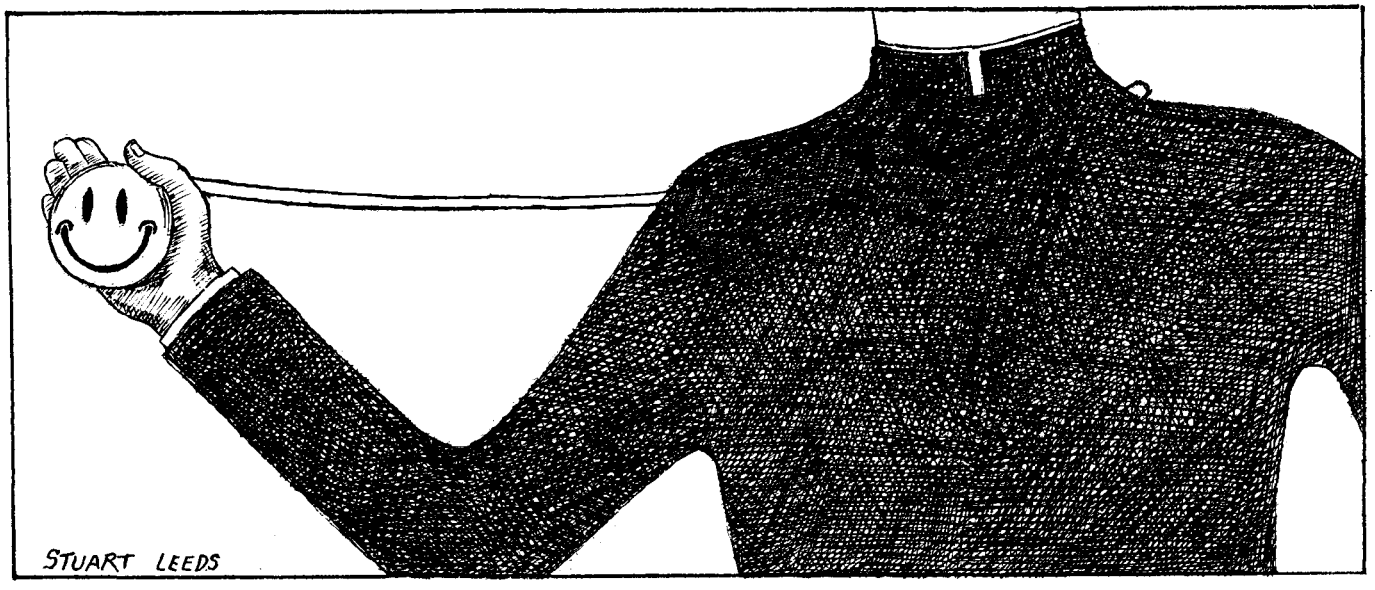
antisemitic, but this was a season at Cornell when roars of outrage were reserved for admonitions to obey the law, and for Averell Harriman and Dean Rusk (what a reception *he* received from our enlightened community).

The meeting broke up at this point because his opponent refused to continue, and it was left to a Jewish Professor of Government, a refugee from Nazi Germany, to make the appropriate response. He had recently injured a foot and it took him some time to hobble up to the platform on his crutches, but, having been seated near the front, he managed to get there in time to block Dan's exit. "That remark," he began in a voice just barely in control, although he was usually the most gentle of men, "that remark is either blasphemous or you are a fool. . . ." I confess to being unable to hear the rest because Dan had begun to back away and my temporarily crippled colleague was pursuing him, trying simultaneously to keep his finger under Dan's nose and to manage his crutches, and solving that problem finally by hobbling forward a step, then pointing a crutch instead of a finger, then hobbling forward another step. It was a marvelous thing to watch, but for Dan it was obviously an unsettling experience: Surely it had been a long time since he had come face to face with so intense a demonstration of so genuine a moral fervor. He was backed halfway out of the room, managing occasionally, apparently, to indicate with a word or two—and sometimes merely a gesture—that he realized his mistake, that he had been ill-advised to make that remark. And surely he could agree that it is blasphemous to usurp the divine right of judging who is worthy of living and who is not. One wonders whether he would also agree that it is a profanity to trivialize the most horrible experience in the long history of a people who know what it is to suffer horrors. And what can be said of it as a political judgment? Suppose we reverse the terms of the comparison, as grammatically we are entitled to do, and say this: "The guards at Belsen and Dachau deserve no more consideration than the clerk at the Catonsville, Maryland draft board." Would such a remark have been greeted by a greater volume of hissing, or by expressions of incredulity, or by a roar of the sort of laughter reserved in better days for the egregiously foolish and ugly things? What would Leonard Bernstein say to it? And Gregory Peck, and the rest? It was a bad time in America, a time when to be opposed to the Vietnam war seemed to win immunity for whatever else one might care to say or do.

The Cornell phase of Dan's career came to a sudden and wholly unexpected end when in April 1969 the black students, who never did dance to his pipe, took over the university with real guns which they gave every indication of being willing to use, and Dan became as irrelevant as, on that occasion, President Perkins was invisible. His gospel of peace seemed out of place, inadequate; and in the blink of a frightened eye, and there were lots of frightened eyes at Cornell during that period, the priestly Peter Pan looking so much younger than his years was transformed into the middle-aged *enfant terrible*, ignored and, one is bound to say, properly so, for he had been upstaged. His later comment on this time seems to concede as much in the somewhat petulant note it sounds: "The students who traveled to Baltimore by the hundreds in October [for the trial of the Catonsville 9] put us down sharply a few months later: our style, our nonviolence, our religion." By June 1969, two months later, he was, he said, "old hat."

WELL, not quite. His finest hour at Cornell was yet to come, and it may prove to have been the finest hour of his life, for nothing that preceded it and nothing thus far that has succeeded it can match the moment in April of the next year, April 19, 1970, the first anniversary of the seizing of Willard Straight Hall by the blacks, when his fame as a fugitive from the FBI led to his being given a featured role in a Cornell student extravaganza given the name "America Is Hard to Find," supported by a cast of thousands—fifteen thousand, according to the local press. They were on hand from schools all over the East, sitting or lying on, or otherwise covering, every inch of floor space in that huge field house, when at just the right moment—exactly the right moment—Dan, rising from the midst of that great throng like some trident-bearing Neptune breaking the surface of the sea, dramatically announced his presence and his determination to remain a fugitive. Then Arthur Waskow asked the crowd if it was ready to give Dan sanctuary from the FBI and "was answered by a thunderous yes." That, *that*



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was the moment. That was better than Catonsville, better even than the trial at Baltimore, even though the former had been immortalized by the camera's eye and the latter by the poet's word (his own). Will you give Dan Berrigan sanctuary? "He was answered by a thunderous yes." Surely, surely Dan could be forgiven for wondering whether anyone present could possibly forget that night. Or should he allowed to forget it.

Convicted of burning paper to protest the burning of children ("Americans who can bear equably with the sight of burning children," he wrote at the time, "are enraged and are baffled by the sight of burning draft files"), he had refused to turn himself in to federal authorities ("I don't have any real yen to be put on the federal happy acres"); yet he had caused the word to be spread that he would return to Cornell, FBI or no FBI, that he would Come Again. And he had. He had been smuggled into the field house disguised as a motorcyclist, and just as Waskow, who was conducting the Freedom Seder, had symbolically opened the door for the prophet Elijah, who is to herald the coming of the Messiah, Dan rose from the crowd, stripping the motorcyclist's helmet from his head, and they had roared. I mean, simply roared. Clenched-fists-thrust-in-the-air roared. Right on! That's telling it like it is Dan baby! Will you give Dan Berrigan sanctuary? "He was answered by a thunderous yes." It was a night they had put it all together, as they say in those circles.

He enjoyed the right of appeal—all the way to the Supreme Court, where not even Justice Douglas voted to hear his case

Things began to fall apart shortly thereafter. Before the summer was out he had been apprehended by FBI agents posing not as motorcyclists but as bird watchers, of all things, and he was packed off to the Danbury Federal Correctional Institution. This had to happen; he must have known that he could not spend the rest of his life accepting the sanctuary or even the hospitality of friends (and probably not the ones who had done the shouting in the field house), running from spare bedroom to Castro Convertible to Simmons Hide-a-Bed to plain living room sofa. After a while there was nothing to be gained by that, nothing whatever, and there was a good deal to lose: Really to go into hiding would be to risk being forgotten.

No, he was no more hiding during those four months than in 1958 General de Gaulle was hiding in Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises. The only reason to pretend to go into hiding was to remain in the spotlight, and, at this stage of his career, the only way to remain in the spotlight was to go into hiding, so-called. How else do you get to play Elijah at the Freedom Seder? Under what other conditions is it a reportable event to preach a sermon at the First United Methodist Church of Germantown, Pennsylvania (the television people having been advised in advance in order to give them time to set up their cameras)? Or give interviews or contribute articles to *Saturday Review*, *Commonweal*, *The New Yorker*, *The New York Review of Books*, *Christian Century*, the Sunday *New York Times Magazine*, and the *Village Voice*? Or, cocking a snook at the FBI, make television network appearances and manage to get a play produced? And all this within a period of a few months of so-called hiding? Elizabeth Taylor can burst pendulously into the news with a 50-carat diamond dangling from her forehead, but priests need something else going for them.

Things began to fall apart after that last Cornell weekend not because he would shortly be in jail, but because he had exhausted the dramatic possibilities of his priestly office. It is news when a priest burns draft cards by the drawers full, especially when he does it with homemade napalm; but you can only do that once (and, besides, his brother Philip had already done the lamb's blood *shtick*). It is news when a priest, especially an Irish priest, openly defies the FBI; but then that game is caught too, as Lincoln used to say. It is news when a priest writes a play in which he himself is given the leading role, thereby writing the account of his own martyrdom; but it would really be overdoing it to subject oneself to double martyrdom, so to speak, simply to write another play. Of course, it can be filmed, and one can give press conferences at Cannes; that is good for a while. It would be news to blow up the government heating system and kidnap Henry Kissinger. That would be a terrific gesture—brilliant even if a bit grandiose, as his brother put it in that letter to Sister Elizabeth McAlister—terrific, sure, but hardly a priestly gesture, and certainly not seriously entertained by these priests. And so you reach the point where being a priest becomes a handicap instead of an advantage, when your "brothers and sisters" in the Weatherman are busily engaged in bomb-construction or trashing the banks or blowing up washrooms in the Pentagon, and your profession requires you to administer the sacraments or celebrate a Mass, or quietly teach the perplexed or counsel the troubled or comfort the bereaved, or, in some cases, simply study. And there is no news in that; not nowadays, at least.

In the old days—one might even say, the good old days—when in certain countries the entire church was "underground," there was news to be made in the mere fact of celebrating a Mass. There is something to be said for those countries: A clever priest can use a government that persecutes him and, if he does not have one, the next best thing is to be able to invent one. Essentially, that is what Dan has done. He was duly convicted of having committed a crime that he admits having committed, he was given a sentence not out of line with those given others for similar offenses, he enjoyed the right of appeal—all the way to the Supreme Court, where not even Justice Douglas voted to hear his case—and then he chose to avoid jail by refusing to turn himself in to the authorities. At this point the FBI was given the task of finding him. Nothing special about this. Nothing vindictive, nothing persecutory. But listen to Dan's account: "Undoubtedly the FBI comes after people like me with guns because deeper than their personal chagrin and their corporate machismo, which is a kind of debased esprit de corps since they always get their man, there was that threat that the Panthers and the Vietnamese had learned so well as a reality. The threat is a very simple

(Continues on page 1239)

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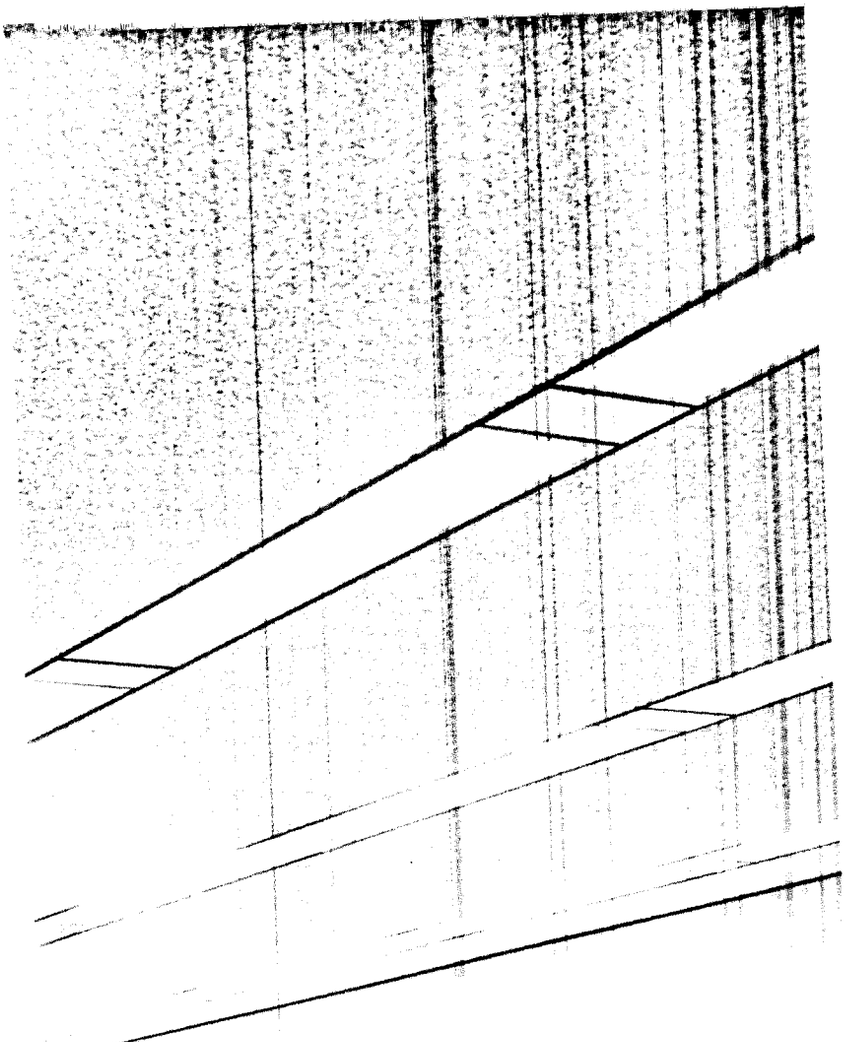

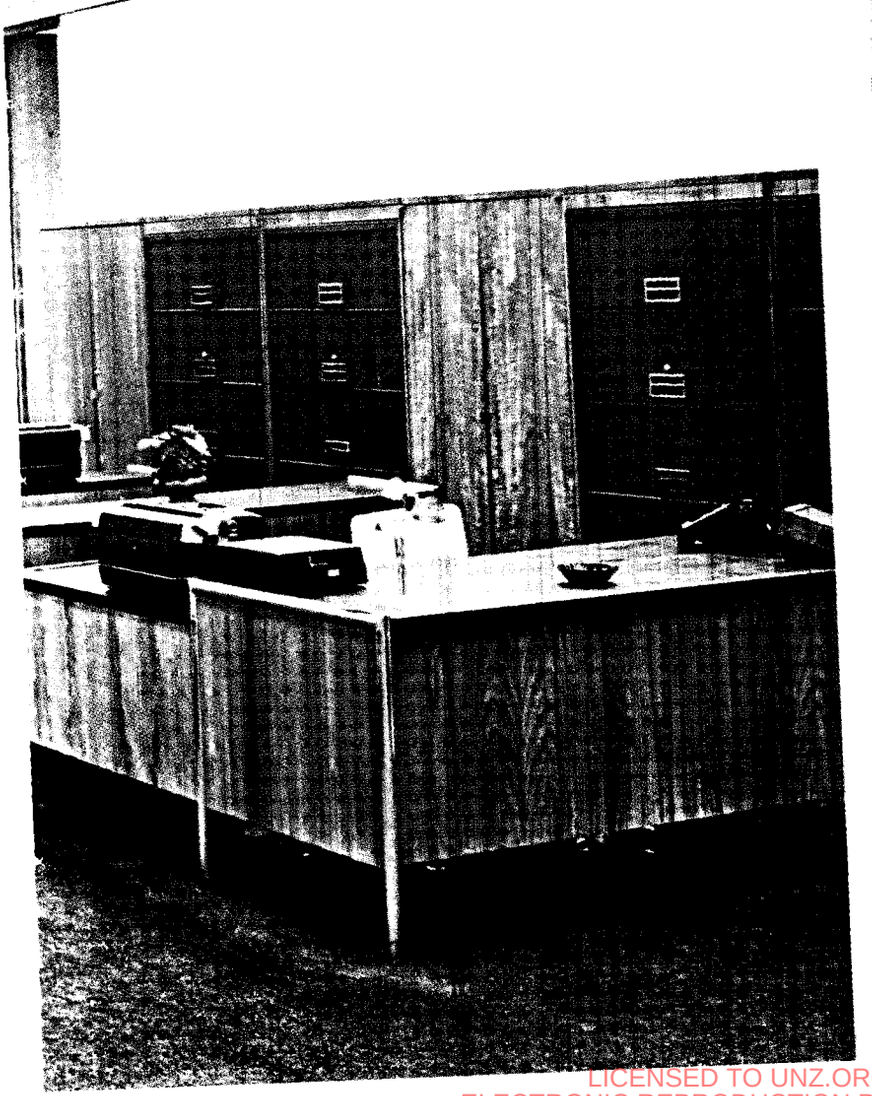

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one because we are making connections, political connections, religious and moral connections, connections with prisoners and Cubans and Vietnamese, and these connections are forbidden under the policies which J. Edgar Hoover is greatly skilled both in enacting and in enforcing. They know by now what we are about, they know we are serious. And they are serious about us."

Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious bandersnatch!

II

He owes his fame in part to the fact that he is a priest. Countless other men and women, and not all of them unknown by any means, have burned draft cards, stormed the Pentagon, counseled resistance to the draft, and made highly critical statements about Mr. Nixon (and, lest we forget, Mr. Johnson too); but somehow they have not made anything like the impact on the public's consciousness that Dan has made, even if they have been tried in the courts in well-publicized trials. He and his brother Philip are priests, and America is not accustomed to seeing priests challenge the law. An older Jesuit, writing in the special edition of the *Holy Cross Quarterly* devoted exclusively to the Berrigans, says that their achievement consists in having "challenged in the public mind the automatic identification of American Catholicism with the status quo [and] its alliance with prevailing patriotic causes," thereby raising a doubt that "American Catholicism can be counted on to supply acolytes for *all* the shrines of the civic religion that is the American Way of Life." Well, yes, Father Duff may be right, but there have been priests in the past who insisted that "Christianity has a social message," and who discerned some difference between that message and "the American Way of Life," and who tried to lead a moral crusade against it. One thinks again of Father Coughlin, the antiwar priest of the late Thirties, who called Franklin Roosevelt a "scab President," and who, with the help of the even more disreputable Christian Front, succeeded in getting American Catholicism identified for a time with extreme isolationism and, in some quarters, with the native fascism making the rounds then. Father Duff is old enough to remember this. Still, he has a point: Despite the Coughlins and the Terminiellos, the prototypical American priest remained Pat O'Brien, kind to children at the settlement house, sure, but also, saints be praised, a helluva good man to have in the trenches with the rest of the Fighting 69th. The Berrigans may have put an end to that.

But Dan is more than a priest. Unlike his brother Philip, to say nothing of the nameless thousands of other priests in America, Dan is a personality. He has a marvelous talent for publicizing himself, a talent shared, in the priesthood, only by Father Coughlin again, and Coughlin's appeal was to an entirely different audience. Dan is no rabble-rouser; he is too quiet, too thoughtful, too educated a man for that. If Coughlin came out of the isolationist Middle West and appealed to the worst passions of the readers of the *Chicago Tribune* and the Hearst press, Dan comes out of the internationalist East and, paradoxically, appeals to the very decent passions of Mr. Agnew's "effete snobs" of the Establishment. They love him in Long Island—and in Westchester and Fairfield County, Connecticut.

Time, a part of the Establishment by any man's standards, ran a cover story on him, suggesting that he might very well be a martyr, and comparing him along the way with Thomas More, even though More had to lose his head and suffer the posthumous indignity of having it displayed on London Bridge (still in London at the time), and even so did not achieve beatification until 1886, 351 years later (he was canonized only in 1935). It is Dan's talent for publicity that accounts for the swiftness of his elevation to the ranks of the exalted. Unlike More, Dan has written a play about his own martyrdom—probably the first to do so—in which he is likened to Jesus Christ and Socrates. Thus he serves as his own chronicler, being unwilling, the times being what they are, to wait for an apostle or a Plato or Xenophon, or to trust them with the nuances of the material. *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* has been a smash hit in theaters in Europe and Canada, as well as in the United States; and now, thanks to Gregory Peck and the actor who plays Dan, and managed to catch his "essential soul," there is the film, capable of bringing the message to millions. The third act is the important act; here the nine defendants speak to the court and, through the agency of Dan's poetry, to Gregory Peck and the rest of mankind. Dan sees to it that his brother Philip speaks first and that he himself speaks last, sort of wrapping it up for the defense, and not only last, but longest, getting 14 and a half pages to John Hogan's one and a half, for example, or Mary Moylan's three and a half. Anyone can burn a draft card, but only a poet can be trusted to immortalize the event, because only the poet, or someone like him, can see its full significance. Only the poet will know what to say in the dramatic presentation of the trial, because only the poet can see the significance of The Trial.

Some of the most famous literary events have been trials. Socrates was tried. Jesus was tried. Jesus suffered before Pontius Pilate and, in the manner of his suffering, as we learn from Dan in the fifth chapter of *No Bars to Manhood*, "added a cubit to His stature," and Dan, we learn in the same chapter of the same book, added a cubit or two to his at Catonsville. Catonsville is a story one simply does not trust to other pens. Because of Catonsville he can "claim a certain sorry advantage over most of those who have yet to choose the place and time of their response to American violence, a response that will embody their existence and carry their lives captive, in bonds to a choice, in a direction they cannot yet know." (Dan's carried him to the Cannes Film Festival, for instance.)

It is surely not the profundity of his political thought that accounts for his fame and the esteem in which he is held. Even *Time* admits that when he is talking politics "he often sounds commonplace [grinding] on mechanically about 'national illness . . . madness . . . the latest American idiocy.'" Even Father Duff gently chides him for certain hyperbole. The decent young man who faced the terrible question of whether to obey the law that required him to participate in a war he profoundly believed to be an evil and immoral abomination, could, I think, be moved by the example of this apparently tormented priest and refuse to serve; but I do not understand how anyone can be persuaded in this direction, or be attracted to Dan, by the political thought that accompanies the example and by which he tries to justify it. The fact is, it does not make sense; there was no relation between his analysis of the political situa-

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Dan has written a play about his own martyrdom—probably the first to do so—in which he is likened to Jesus Christ and Socrates

tion and the action he proposed by way of remedy or solution. The American government, he said, is utterly and hopelessly corrupt, "fearful of change, racist, violent, a Nero abroad in the world," committing terrible crimes which it tries always to conceal, teaching the best of its youth to be murderers, directing its considerable powers knowingly to the "grinding under of human beings"; so corrupt that in order "to join the heart of man" it is necessary for him to "resign from America."

So goes the analysis. And what should be done? "Let me say as plainly as I know how, I don't see as a political tactic that anything that might be called 'useful' is left to us, except civil disobedience." Civil disobedience! The situation is hopeless, he says, and he proposes the "desperate" remedy of a ceremonial breaking of the law. As if Count von Stauffenberg, instead of placing that bomb at Hitler's feet, had set fire to a Third Reich draft card and said, "Take that, mein Fuehrer!"

WHAT sort of sentimental nonsense is it that tells a man to be *civil* in his disobedience to a government he regards as absolutely corrupt? Jefferson and his colleagues at the beginning were not being civil in their disobedience to British authorities; they were killing British soldiers, and they knew what would happen to them if they lost the war, which is why they pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. Civil disobedience is a different thing; Martin Luther King defined it as "an open and loving breaking of the law with a willingness to accept the consequences." No *just* man would lovingly break a Nazi law. Whom or what would he be loving? Lovingly to break a law, as Herbert Storing has made clear in the best of the essays on civil disobedience, is to acknowledge that there is something in the regime that deserves to be loved; that there is some justice in the regime, and it is to this justice, or sense of justice in those comprising the government, that one appeals when he lovingly breaks an unjust law of that fundamentally just regime. As Storing shows, the case for civil disobedience breaks down even under these conditions, but that is beside the point here. Here there really can be no argument as to the inadequacy of civil disobedience in the context for which Dan prescribes it. If he is right about the utter corruption and evil of American government, what ought to follow is revolution, not draft card burnings. His "brothers and sisters" of the Weatherman appear to know this even if he does not; if they wanted to be whimsical, they could appropriately quote Scripture to him, saying that having become a man, he should put away childish things.

But, of course, Dan's analysis is absurd. To say that the American government "stifles dissent" is ridiculous; to call the United States a Nero is to disclose an ignorance of tyrants and of the nature of tyranny; to say that Americans "can bear equably with the sight of burning children" is to utter slander of hideous proportions; and to charge the clerk at Catonsville with crimes the equal of those committed by the guards at Belsen and Dachau is, as I said earlier, blasphemous and profane.

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine may be a dramatic and propagandistic triumph, but its poetry, and the license enjoyed by poets (in general and by this one in particular), conceals the absurd or, alternatively, the pernicious character of the doctrine it espouses. The judge, nameless and the object of ridicule in the play, refuses to charge the jury that they may take into account the purity of the motives that led the defendants to burn those draft cards. The defendants claim not to understand this, and the following exchange takes place:

George Mische:

But was the jury told they could not use their conscience in determining—

Judge:

I certainly did not tell them they could disregard their oath and let you off on sympathy, or because they thought you were sincere people.

Daniel Berrigan:

Your honor, we are having great difficulty in trying to adjust to the atmosphere of a court from which the world is excluded, and the events that brought us here are excluded deliberately, by the charge to the jury.

Judge:

They were not excluded. The question—

Daniel Berrigan:

May I continue? Our moral passion was excluded. It is as though we were subjects of an autopsy, were being dismembered by people who wondered whether or not we had a soul. We are sure that we have a soul. It is our soul that brought us here. It is our soul that got us in trouble. It is our conception of man.

But our moral passion is banished from this court. It is as though the legal process were an autopsy.

Judge:

Well, I cannot match your poetic language.

(Applause from the audience)

THAT IS how it goes in the play. Now I propose to rewrite the last part of this scene, this time giving the good lines to the judge.

Judge:

Yes, Father Berrigan, I must insist that "moral passion" be kept out of this trial, your moral passion, the jurors' moral passion, and my moral passion—and please extend us the courtesy of acknowledging that we too are capable of feeling it.

Daniel Berrigan:

I am sure you are, your honor, all of—

Judge:

Thank you. Now I want you to understand, if possible, why what you call your "moral passion," or conscience, or the purity of the motives that led you to Catonsville, is irrelevant. I will ask you whether this right to follow conscience rather than the law is a right belonging to everyone or only to you and your friends?

Daniel Berrigan:

"Everyone" is not on trial here. My friends and I—we, made sick by this war and by the government that wages it

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—are on trial. Your question is too abstract; I can't answer it until some flesh is put on its bare bones.

Judge:

Well, I'll put some flesh on them for you. I'll bring "moral passion" into these proceedings! I'll begin by charging the jury that they can take account of their moral passion, if they like, and disregard the evidence, if they like, and bring in a verdict of guilty, if they like. And how do *you* like that?

Daniel Berrigan:

We never doubted that we would be convicted.

Judge:

All right. Then when it comes to sentencing you, I'll pay no attention to the statute and send you up for as long as it pleases me.

Defense Counsel:

I object, your honor!

Judge:

You? Be quiet or I'll cite you for contempt. Under the rules, of course, you don't deserve to be cited; but the rules have now given way to moral passion, you know.

Defense Counsel:

You do that, your honor, and I'll file an appeal so fast. . . .

Judge:

Ah! You'll file an appeal, will you? You'll appeal to the rules because I have broken them, is that it? Your clients may do as they please—after "prayerful consideration," no doubt—but the rest of us must abide by the rules. Tell me, Father Berrigan, what makes you so special?

Daniel Berrigan:

Well, I . . . ah. . . .

Judge:

Oh, never mind. I am bound to say, however, and I think most of the people in this courtroom will agree with me, that no country dedicated, as Lincoln said, to the proposition that all men are created equal, can officially acknowledge that some people are purer in heart than others and therefore deserve a special immunity from the rules that bind everyone else. . . . I also suspect that most of the people in this courtroom will agree with me when I say that you have not even begun to think about these matters, Father Berrigan.

(Tremendous applause from the audience)

Judge (languidly tapping his gavel):

Order, order.

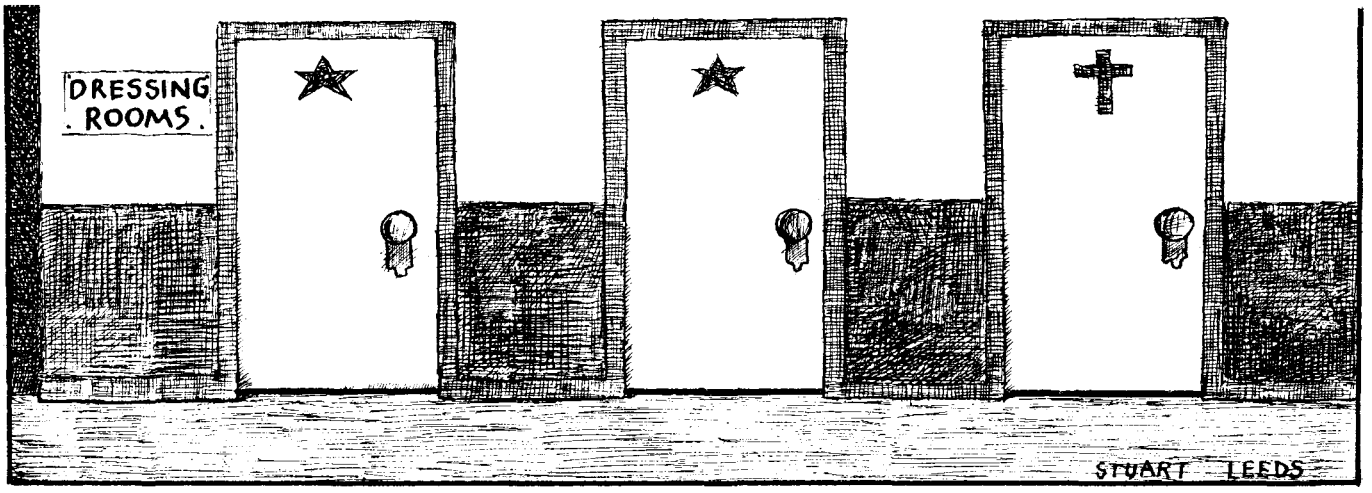
There, we can be fairly certain, is a scene that Gregory Peck will not film or Leonard Bernstein set to music.

What used to set Dan apart from the other leaders of the Movement—Jerry Rubin or Abbie Hoffman, for example, or even Dr. Spock and the old-time pacifist, Dave Dellinger—was not the profundity of his political thought (or the banality of it), or the depth of his despair, the degree of his anger, or his capacity for finding ways of expressing it. What used to set him apart and make him so appealing to the student Left, especially, was his nominal authority to sanctify what the others could only justify or recommend. The act committed in his name or in his presence took on a significance it lacked when done by or with the others. Burning a draft card with Dan was doing

Dan is a Jesuit priest, right, so the model man is Jesus Christ? Well, no, as a matter of fact; instead of Jesus Christ he offers Che Guevara

God's work. Unlike the Yippies, Crazies, the simply angry, and those who give no fancy name to their crime, Dan provided a spiritual presence in the lives of his young, and not-so-young, followers. I suppose President Nixon would say he provided that extra dimension. Even with the Chicago 7 (or was it 8?), the young resister merely had the sense of Crossing-a-State-Line-with-the-Intent-to-Incite-Promote-Encourage-or-Participate-in-a-Riot, or something equally banal in the end; but with Dan he was making a spiritual odyssey into the "dark socket of existence," or the "dark night of resistance." And who does not want to explore the hidden depths of that "dark socket of existence" or live it up during the "dark night of resistance"? You're only young once. But then people grow up, and graduate, returning only for class reunions. Some people, the Weathermen, for example, never do return.

POLITICALLY, the Weathermen seem to have traveled a long way beyond the draft card burning with which they began, some of them with Dan at Cornell, and to be utterly uninterested in exploring sockets of existence, light or dark, with him. In fact, they seem to have traveled well beyond the range of his voice, as he learned when he tried to



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reach them with that famous Open Letter. "Dear Brothers and Sisters," it begins, "this is Dan Berrigan speaking . . . across the underground." But there was no response, even though he was quick to point out that there was no difference between them respecting the destruction of property (other people's, that is); destroying property is all right, as "a means"; he draws the line only at the taking of human lives. "No principle is worth the sacrifice of a single human being"—apparently, now, not even the life of that clerk at Catonsville or of the guards at Belsen and Dachau. Why not? Because God has commanded us not to kill? Well, no, as a matter of fact, he does not quote the Bible to them. Instead of a divine commandment Dan offers them a "rule of thumb" that he "came upon . . . somewhere," and here it is: "do only that which one cannot not do." Which is to say, do the irresistible. (And wouldn't Cole Porter have had a good time setting that to music?) Sure people are going to apply that rule differently; that is the trouble with an ethics that is wholly formal and abstract. Dan knows that, and he offers the name of a man who can be trusted to apply the rule correctly and can therefore be accepted as a model. Dan is a Jesuit priest, right, so the model man is Jesus Christ? Well, no, as a matter of fact; instead of Jesus Christ he offers Che Guevara: "I hope you see your lives as Che saw his, that is to say mainly as teachers of the people, conscious as we must be of the vast range of human life that still awaits liberation and education and consciousness."

I suspect they do indeed see their lives as Che saw his; that has been obvious for some time. As I had occasion to write a few years ago, Che was the hero of such people because he was not a theorist but a committed man of action whose life acquired its "meaning" only on the barricades, whether in Cuba or in the wilds of Bolivia. For the angry adolescents of the world he was a perfect model because he himself was the perpetual adolescent, going so far as to give up a cabinet post, an adult job, in Castro's revolutionary government in order to return to the barricades. The Weathermen certainly do not need to be enjoined to follow the example of Che Guevara, nor do they need the help of a middle-aged priest to interpret his life and teaching. They show every sign of having mastered his teaching.

III

Dan's greatest admirers would agree, I think, that he is not, finally, a political man, and that it is unfair to judge him by the standards appropriate to the political world. He is essentially a religious man, a mystic, his friends say, "a man of God risking all to grasp what that means in the secular '70s." His latest book, *The Dark Night of Resistance*,* won the Thomas More Medal as the "most distinguished contribution to Catholic Literature in 1971," and it will not do for an Episcopalian political scientist to question this award or to suggest that 1971 must have been a particularly poor year for Catholic literature. Dan recounts in this book how in Hanoi, where he had gone to assist in the repatriation of the first American fliers released by the North Vietnamese, he experienced one of his rather frequent spiritual awakenings, this one brought on when he encountered Buddha, the "many faces of Buddha," at a time when "the United States of America was taking an Infant Jesus to its religious heart, changing His underpants on major feast days. A culture of infancy savored and prolonged; a religion for infants."

One might have thought that the Thomas More awards committee would be put off by such talk—I mean, it certainly does not *seem* very Catholic, or even very Christian, not, at least, to someone brought up on the Book of Common Prayer; but in the day of *Godspell* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Hair* and *Oh! Calcutta!* one must be prepared to acknowledge the possibility that there is some truth in the old saying that all roads lead to Rome. Still, Christianity a "religion for infants"? Nowadays you get Christian prizes for that?

We know of course what he thinks of Americans, so we are somewhat prepared to read that they are divided into two contemptible types: The first wants "the Ten Commandments tattooed on his bung hole, in ten colors," so he can "back into eternity, doubled over . . . like a Near Eastern slave"; the second "wants the American flag tattooed in three colors, on his prick's round," so he can—well, never mind. Whereas in his vision there is a Paradise Park with "a free zone [erogenous?], laughter, released stays and buttons and zippers [I guess so], a few lovers or many [where] the people enter, grow, run, fly, perambulate, consume, pull corks from, spread jams and peanut butter on, swim and sun in, etcetera as the day is long. . . ." Terrific. (But would Thomas More have liked it?)

There are undoubtedly profundities here that escape the lay mind; we know from his friendly journalists that his religious thought is profound. We cannot expect easy answers to the hard questions he raises, and since we are told by the friendly journalists that the strength of his thought consists in his "mysticism," we must be prepared to follow him up peaks lost in Himalayan mists or down the winding back alleys of transcendental meditation; everything we know about him confirms his reputation as a radical priest, so we cannot expect a traditional answer, even though he insists he is "unrecognizable" to himself apart from the Christian tradition. "In spite of all," he cries out, "what are we to do with our lives?" It is the best of questions and, given the nature of our times, the most urgent of questions. And the answer—or rather, his answer? It is not easy to find, but every now and then we catch sight of Dan drifting along with the prevailing winds of doctrine blowing through the not-so-nether regions of the American counterculture, trailing the familiar banner: Do your own thing!

Do it the way of Guru Gandhi, if that's your bag, or Guru Socrates, or Guru Buddha—or even Guru Jesus; or learn what you can from R. D. Laing or Herbert Marcuse; they are all here, a "plethora of riches," the complete pantheon of today's deities, including, of course, everybody's favorite guru, Che Guevara. Che? A gunman? Can a "gunman" be a guru? Yes, "provided he is first of all a peaceable man, a man of his people [such as] Guevara, Ho, Castro." "*Disciple:* How do I attain ultimate reality? *Master:* It is May. Seek a tulip in hell, and bring it back." (Deep, man, like real deep.)

Dan has a dream, a "dream of every resisting commune

*Since this was written he has published one or two more. As he said in *No Bars to Manhood* (pp. 7-8), after a certain point in time, publishers would "take almost anything [he] chose to compile. . . ."

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We must be prepared to follow him up peaks lost in Himalayan mists or down the winding back alleys of transcendental meditation

with a guru (Christian, Jewish, Hindu, Zen) in roving residence." (*Perplexed Disciple:* But Master, whose word do I follow when they tell me conflicting things? *Guru Dan:* The scriptures are the "word of God in whatever language or tradition"; therefore, there can be no conflict. Or if there is, take your choice, because "it is neither useful nor inevitable that our lives be stuck fast in moral stalemate.") He himself has "no stake in Church or state, as currently in evidence; their aims, their values, their mutual transfusions of comfort. . . . [He is] dead to all that." The important thing is to be—guess what?—"authentic," to work out "new ways of getting connected," as he told the Weathermen, new ways "of getting married, of educating children, of sharing goods and skills, of being religious, of being human, of resisting." "We are trying to get reborn," and, it should be stated for purposes of clarification, lest it be thought that this rebirth will require too much effort and discipline on our parts—too much of the "hard and bitter agony" that T. S. Eliot speaks of in *The Journey of the Magi*—reborn in any way and into any thing we choose. "What are we to do with our lives?" Jerry Rubin said it all in two words, and said it without the cant: "Do it!"

IV

Several of his friends who sheltered him in the fugitive days of 1970 have explained what it was like then to be with Dan, to share his sorrows and joy, his excitement, his plans, and even, as one of them put it, the exhilaration of defying the government. But it was not all that sort of game. Dan would also arrange marvelous weekends in the country when entire families would come together with him to consider how they could build a new society, and end racism, and war, and things like that. "Dan had a vision that in an atmosphere of retreat from the world, into ourselves, we would awaken to a new life and new possibilities." So what happened? Well, what with the "whining mosquitoes" and the "yappings of family dogs" and the "tedious demands of children," there could be no peace for "ideological contemplation, no atmosphere for mystical transformation." Imagine the star of Catonsville, Peck's good boy himself, and the Elijah of the Freedom Seder and the fugitive from the FBI, having to compete with family dogs and children! It surely is not difficult to understand why "Dan's self-restraint became increasingly visible," or why he took on such a look that his friends "withered in his gaze."

But damn it! Was it really wrong to love the children, to carry on jobs, to be well-meaning? Could they be expected to transform themselves immediately into Dan's vision of them? Or course not. They had been "seduced by the man and by [their] own romanticism"; he was not their pastor and it was wrong for him to pretend to be. Nor was his way, however right for him, necessarily the right way for them. They had their integrity too. Well, these things got said, and having been said, relations were a bit difficult for a while—there was even some "guarded hostility" (although nothing approaching the war they were assembled to end); then they went for a swim. They met again in the evening, but, unfortunately, things were not the same as they had been before their spat.

Not all his friends reacted in this way. The wife in another of the families that sheltered him explains how she and Dan were baking a pecan pie one day. I gather from her account that this must be a nerve-wracking experience under the most propitious of pie-baking conditions, what with those nuts to be shelled, and the shells getting all over the floor, and the syrup bubbling on the stove, threatening constantly to boil over, and what a mess that would be; but to find oneself simultaneously up to one's intellectual neck in philosophical dialogue with America's most famous theologian, and then to be interrupted by the "shrill intrusion of children's voices," well, that makes it the kind of experience that will strain the strongest of constitutions. Dan left the kitchen, but she did not get angry with him. Instead, she got a bit angry with the children and sent them out of the room. She then records that Dan did not eat any of the pie at dinner that night and she wondered why. She "was puzzled," she says, and "he never explained."

Well, of course, it had nothing to do with the pie; she can rest assured on that score at least. His mind was on other things; more exalted things: He was writing the Thomas More Medal-winning *Dark Night of Resistance* at that time. "I want to do an unfashionable thing," he writes on the first page of the book, "in a time which is not so much fashionable—as simply mad. So mad that it has become a wearying stereotype to speak of its madness. Since the admission hangs choking on the air, is part of the daily burden. You young resisters, what of the madness to which we have delivered you, like a sour ration at the cell door? You fervent apostles of war normalcy, you hunted Panthers, you police, you political big-stick wielders, you few men and women faithful to suffering and the long haul, you, my friends, concocting ways of keeping me uncaged, you students pondering a future in the shadow of Dame Liberty violated (your future closing like a vise). For all of you, resisting, resisting resistance, keeping it heated, keeping it cool, you great self-spawning disease, you nation, you of the nation within the nation, still unrecognized, still in bondage—for you. Something unfashionable; one man's spiritual journey. The delayed journey, into light; or more exactly into a light forever quenched, delayed, snuffed out."

"[Alice] puzzled over this for some time, but at last a bright thought struck her. 'Why, it's a looking-glass book, of course! And if I hold it up to a glass, the words will all go the right way again.'

"This was [how it came out to] Alice . . .

'"Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe." □

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I. HIS OEUVRE

HAZLITT
HAYEK
FERTIG
KIRZNER

TRIBUTE TO VON MISES

The death of Ludwig von Mises, at the age of 92, marks the passing of the greatest economist of his generation. His was, in fact, one of the most powerful and original minds that ever operated in the social sciences, to be compared with such figures as Ricardo, Boehm-Bawerk, and Max Weber.

An incredible worker, he was the author of at least 19 books if one counts only first editions, and of perhaps double that number if one includes revised and expanded versions. He wrote hundreds of articles and monographs, and delivered countless lectures.

His published works include at least three masterpieces. They were *The Theory of Money and Credit*, first published in German in 1912, *Socialism: An Economic and Sociological Analysis*, also first published in German in 1922, and *Human Action*, which grew out of a first German version appearing in 1940.

Mises made so many special contributions to economics and to social thought that it is impossible to indicate here anything more than their general nature. He rejected the rigid quantity theory of money as elaborated by Irving Fisher and his school. Instead, he was the first to apply consistently to money the "Austrian" marginal theory of value and thus was the first to unify monetary with general economic theory.

He also elaborated, in his early book on money, the rudiments of a satisfactory theory of the previously mysterious "business cycle." He showed that, contrary to the contention of Karl Marx, booms and busts were not inherent in capitalism, but the result of unsound currency and credit systems, usually promoted by governments. Fractional bank reserve systems, combined with the support furnished by central banks, chronically promoted the overexpansion of money and credit, raised prices, and led to malinvestment, until finally the inverted pyramid of credit collapsed.

Mises' *Socialism* is the most devastating analysis of that philosophy ever written. Of the many new insights in it, the most memorable was to make clear that a complete socialism could not solve "the problem of economic calculation"; that it could not know what was being produced at a social profit and what at a social loss; and consequently could not know the relative amounts of the thousands of different goods and services that it ought to produce. It was this insight that led Oskar Lange, a Marxist economist who later became a member of the Polish Politburo, to propose that future socialists ought to erect a statue to Ludwig von Mises for forcing them to recognize this central problem.

MISES WAS not only a great thinker but a great man. I have never met anyone more completely dedicated to a life of the mind. In his youth, it is true, he was fond of some sports: He enjoyed mountain climbing and skiing, and occasionally even played tennis. When someone remarked that he was not very good at it, he replied: "The fate of the ball does not interest me very much."

His conversation was remarkable for its unsparing logic, its flashes of wit, and his immense range of historical knowledge; but he had no small talk.

There was not a touch of pettiness in him. Though he was so often neglected or disparaged, I never heard him utter a word of personal bitterness or resentment. When he first came to this country in 1940, he was in serious economic straits; but he never mentioned a word about this to me. Yet though he never asked for help, he was permanently grateful for it whenever it came.

His outstanding quality was moral courage, and an almost fanatical intellectual honesty that refused to deviate or compromise an inch. This often cost him dear personally; but it set an ideal to strengthen and inspire his students and all the rest of us who were privileged to know him.

—HENRY HAZLITT

II. VIENNA YEARS

THE foundations of the great system of social thought that we now know as the work of Ludwig von Mises were laid half a century ago when he was a busy administrator for whom research and teaching could be only spare-time occupations. So long as he lived in his native Vienna, that is, far into his fifties, most of his time was devoted to his work as financial consultant to the most important semi-official organization of Austrian enterprise, the Vienna Chamber of Commerce, and he could only do a little teaching at the university on the side. Even this was interrupted by long service as an artillery officer during the First World War. Yet shortly before and after that, he published the two works which contain the outline of most of the ideas that he later developed into his comprehensive system.

In 1912 his *Theory of Money* appeared, for many years the most profound and satisfying work on the subject available. That it did not have the immediate effect it deserved—which might have saved the world many of the

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monetary troubles of the postwar period—was due mainly to the fact that he had found it necessary to go deeply into the problems of the general theory of value. This deterred many who might have profited from his elucidation of questions of more immediate practical value. After the war, in 1922, there followed his great work *Socialism*, which established his fame. Its central thesis was not, as it is sometimes misleadingly put, that socialism is impossible, but that it cannot achieve an efficient utilization of resources. That can be achieved only on the basis of a calculation in terms of value or price, which in turn can be ascertained only if there is a competitive market. It was this thesis which attracted the widest attention and led to discussions extending over many years in which Mises certainly was victorious, at least in the sense that the defenders of socialism were driven to far-reaching changes in their doctrines.

THE BOOK on socialism was particularly important in that it marked Mises as the leading interpreter and defender of the free enterprise system. Though he had been taught as a very young man the mild "Fabian" socialism then prevalent among the Viennese intelligentsia, he soon reacted against it, thereby isolating himself from most of his contemporaries. He probably owed this conversion to Eugen von Boehm-Bawerk, the teacher at the university who had the greatest influence on him. Boehm-Bawerk, before his premature death, had begun to work on the lines which Mises later developed. By the time he published *Socialism*, Mises had become so strongly convinced that socialist aspirations were based on an intellectual confusion and a failure to comprehend the task which the economic system had to perform that his later attempts to develop social theory and his defense of a libertarian political order often became inextricably intertwined. His tendency, particularly in his younger years, to defend his position with stubbornness and intransigence, made him many enemies. This was largely the reason he never obtained a regular university position in Vienna and why many academicians treated even his purely theoretical works as ideologically suspect for so long. He continued to teach occasional courses at the university, but for many years it was through an informal discussion circle, his *Privatseminar*, as it came to be known in Vienna, which ranged widely over problems of social theory and philosophy, that he extended his personal influence. Among the best known members of this circle are not only the economists Gottfried Haberler and Fritz Machlup, but also sociologists like the late Alfred Schuetz and philosophers like the late Felix Kaufmann.

During these years, the Twenties and early Thirties, Mises was extraordinarily fertile, and in a long series of monographs on economic, sociological, and philosophical problems built up the comprehensive philosophy of society that he first expounded in a German work and then summed up in the *magnum opus* by which he is mainly known to American readers, *Human Action*. This was written in New York. Mises had left Vienna for a professorship at Geneva shortly before Hitler occupied Austria, and in 1940, about as late as was still possible, he moved from Geneva to the United States. The years in America were happy. Newly married, in the care of a congenial companion, for the first time in his life he was able to devote himself entirely to writing and teaching. But not even a brief sketch of his life can conclude without a mention of three characteristics of his work as a scholar: the rare lucidity of his exposition, his astounding historical erudition, and his deep pessimism about the future of our civilization—a pessimism which led him often to predictions that did not come true as soon as he had expected but that were usually confirmed in the end. I believe the world would be a better place if Ludwig von Mises had more often been listened to.

—F. A. HAYEK

III. TEACHER

HISTORIANS of the twenty-first century will surely be puzzled by the rankings accorded to economists in this era.

On the one hand they will note that academic honors, and in many cases substantial monetary rewards, were profusely showered on Establishment economists whose contributions were minuscule. Mostly they were technicians whose efforts were devoted to analyzing small segments of economics. On the other hand they will note that the work of the colossus of that period—Ludwig von Mises—was largely neglected by Establishment economists, despite the fact that this great social philosopher had formulated a coherent and powerful general theory the likes of which the world had not seen for over a century.

OF COURSE Mises had a worldwide reputation, and a limited, devoted following who venerated him, including many distinguished academicians such as Lionel Robbins in Great Britain, Jacques Rueff, adviser to de Gaulle, Luigi Einaudi, former president of Italy, Professor Ludwig Erhard, former chancellor of Germany, Friedrich Hayek, and many others. But the popular verdict favored many lesser men.

Mises built his philosophy on the supremacy of the individual. Human action—the rational, purposeful decisions of individuals seeking to achieve more favorable conditions for themselves day by day—this is the keystone of his work. A nation *harmonizes* its economic and social conflicts by meticulous regard for the rules of the free market where individuals vote their preferences. By constant adjustments of prices, production, and consumption the free market enables people of a nation to live better and to enjoy a maximum of personal freedom.

The Mises philosophy is ideal for a dynamic economy. It scorns the "equilibrium" theory favored by Establishment economists like Samuelson. New and unpredictable decisions by millions of people every day should result in dynamic change—an economy in flux—not static equilibrium. Since economics and politics cannot be reduced to neat mathematical equations like physics and chemistry, the "managers" of an economy are always fumbling in the dark. The free market and consumer sovereignty are the basic conditions of a prosperous, free society.

Little wonder that Mises' concept was not enthusiastically followed by Establishment economists. Most of them were lured into statist solutions by the devastating wars of the first half of the twentieth century and the Great Depression. It may be more than mere coincidence that statism, which requires decisions by countless boards and commissions of economists, greatly enhances the popular prestige of these economic

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managers. What need would there be for countless decision-making economists under a self-adjusting free-market system? When the world increasingly adopted the philosophy of *dirigisme* and socialism, it created conditions of Marxian *social conflict* rather than conditions of Mises' *social harmony*.

Mises was foremost—and very early—in pointing out the great dangers of the coming inflation. He often recounted how, before World War I, finance ministers in Europe scoffed at the very idea that nations would ever permit inflation to become a serious problem. He anticipated the dangers of the superwelfare state and sounded the alarm more than half a century ago. But most of the world did not listen. Like lemmings hurrying to their own destruction, celebrated economists continued to expound the beauties of the welfare state and inflation.

By the twenty-first century the ravages of hyperinflation and statism may become so evident to all the world that economists, historians, and social philosophers will rediscover the genius of Mises and accord him his rightful place in history.

—LAWRENCE FERTIG

IV. ON THE MARKET

IN PAYING tribute to the memory of an inspiring teacher and towering scholar and thinker, it seems eminently appropriate to draw attention to the major intellectual "vision" which sparked and sustained the master's contributions to his science. To those who knew him, Ludwig Mises was, in the face of shocking neglect by so many of his contemporaries, a living exemplar of incorruptible intellectual integrity, a model of passionate, relentless scholarship and dedication. It will not be easy to forget these stern lessons which he so courageously personified. But what will surely live on even longer in future histories of economic thought will be those distinctive elements of Mises' extraordinary contribution which set it so clearly apart from the dominant economics of his age. It was into the enunciation of these elements that Mises poured a lifetime of what can almost be called intellectual martyrdom. It is for the brief exposition of one of these brilliantly seminal ideas—the perception of the market exclusively in process terms—that these lines are set down.

In the sweep of the development of economic ideas over the past two centuries, the concept held by the various thinkers concerning the *market* has been crucial. The pioneers of modern economics after 1870, reinvigorating the contributions of the earlier classical economists by the infusion of powerful new insights into the nature of demand, offered a view of the operation of the market society which was of enormous significance. Henceforth economic literacy could not fail to embrace the understanding of the way in which the free interaction of the decisions of owners of resources, of producers, and of consumers in the market systematically generates determinate patterns of prices, output quantities and qualities, methods of production, and resource allocation.

However, in the ferment of intellectual developments in economics during the twentieth century, this understanding came, in the work of the dominant schools, to be perceived within a mechanistic framework which did violence to the subtle insights a more profound awareness of the market is able to confer. The *market* came to be seen as a kind of computer, grinding out the equilibrium solution compatible with the basic data of the system—a task which presumes that the economic actors already possess perfect knowledge. The *theory* of the market came to mean the solving by the theorist of the computation problem. Moreover this theory came to be seen as equally well suited to the needs of societies choosing to allocate their resources by central direction; the socialist planner could, it came to be thought, simulate the success with which the market allocates resources by merely addressing himself to the very same computation problem which it was thought to be the function of market theory to solve.

It was this view of the market which Mises denied with every ounce of energy. It is no exaggeration to say that this denial was central to the major portion of Mises' disagreements with the various economic doctrines of his age. Future economists, when they come to accept, as in time they surely must, the validity of the Misesian critique of the faulty perception of the market, will find it necessary to reexamine many of the doctrines of contemporary economics with which Mises took issue. For Mises the market is *not* a computer grinding out equilibrium solutions to sets of simultaneous equations. Rather the market is a delicate *process* whereby, against the background of continually changing conditions, and with information available only in limited and piecemeal fashion, the decisions of market participants are, through their interplay in the market, brought into steadily more dovetailing adjustment. In this process the key roles are played by restless, active, ever alert entrepreneurship, and by its counterpart, the merciless, ceaseless, impartial court of active competition. Both these latter roles—completely absent in the dominant equilibrium versions of market theory—are crucial in the emergence of the kaleidoscopically changing patterns of *market prices*.

IT WAS the "process" perception of markets and of market prices that led Mises unerringly to dismiss all attempts to recognize "nonmarket prices" as devices through which socialist planners might simulate the achievements of the market economy. The notion of nonmarket prices can have relevance only in a world of equilibrium situations; it bears no analytical or functional resemblance to the prices which emerge, during disequilibrium, in markets revealing the impact of entrepreneurial competition against a background of widespread ignorance.

It was the "process" perception of markets and of market prices that led Mises to deplore with such sharpness the dominance over economics achieved by mathematical techniques during his own lifetime. Such techniques, useful though they may be to the derivation of the conditions for equilibria of various kinds, must inevitably mask the more subtle processes of entrepreneurial change which (because they depend on essentially extra-economic flashes of awareness) do not permit analysis within the procrustean bed of maximization techniques.

And it was the "process" perception of markets and of market prices that led Mises to reject the various attempts by economists since the Thirties to build theories of the market based on notions of monopolistic or imperfect competition. Such models fail, Mises believed, because they reveal precisely the central weaknesses of the theories they seek to replace, viz., an exclusive

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MIDDLE EAST

Somewhere on the Road to Damascus

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

GOLAN HEIGHTS, Oct. 14—If you have a fast car, and are willing to step on it, it's a two-hour drive from Tel Aviv to the Israeli-Syrian ceasefire line of 1967.

This means that you can leave a gaudy world of luxury hotels, New York accents, and eight-lane swimming pools, and in the time it takes to watch a football game reach an eerie, bomb-cratered plateau, littered with burned-out tanks, flattened houses, and blackened corpses.

You see the first evidences of war at Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, that same Sea of Galilee where Jesus once walked to calm the troubled waters. After we snaked around the lake and started the climb toward Golan, we saw the first bomb craters. As they multiplied so did the choking dust, the constant roar of traffic toward the front, the confusion, and the reminders of death.

There were five of us in the car, four photographers and I. We were headed for Kuneitra, the junction town on the Syrian border, on the eastern flank of the Heights. Coming around a curve we saw the first burned-out Syrian tank. It was a Russian T-62, its powerful 115-mm. gun pointing crazily downward, its turret blown off, its ripped-out treads looking like a futuristic sculpture. Around it lay its four-man crew, horribly disfigured and burned. The youngest, a good looking Arab boy—he couldn't have been over 17—lay as if asleep, except for the missing lower half of his body. On the ripped-out turret were the words "Allah goes with you." An Israeli soldier moving up casually spat on the corpses.

Driving on, we counted hundreds of Syrian tanks, half-tracks, trucks, and armored personnel carriers. The majority were burned out, confirming Israeli field reports that the Syrians were fighting bravely, and sometimes suicidally.

Kuneitra was a scene of utter desolation, not a single house left standing, the streets barely discernible under the rubble. That it had come down to hand-to-hand combat was evident: Some of the lifeless Arab and Israeli soldiers were still locked in deadly embrace.

INTERVIEWING Israeli soldiers is a thankless task, owing to their justifiable concern with security, but we did discover that the front was spread over a radius of about twelve miles, and the Israeli spearhead was aimed at Damascus. Israeli jets streaked overhead incessantly, operating with seeming impunity as they plastered the Syrian positions four and five miles away. Despite the air cover, incoming shells occasionally sent us sprawling for cover. We spent a very hairy thirty minutes waiting for the Israeli Phantoms to zero in on the Syrian artillery. It is strange how quickly one ceases to be impartial in such a situation. I have never wished for anything more than for the Israelis to silence those guns. Lying flat on the ground, without even a helmet, not knowing where the next one is coming from, is to say the least character building. Yet, there is a strange kind of fascination to it, and later in the week I found myself almost being drawn to the various barrages.

The Israeli soldiers were dirty, dust-covered, bleary-eyed, and confident. The camaraderie between officers and men contrasted sharply with the Arab camp where simple soldiers are considered rabble. The Arabs fought Russian style. They attacked in waves and were mowed down in waves. Arab prisoners said there were few field hospitals and where there were any, the doctors concentrated on saving the lives of the officers.

"The Arabs fought like hell," an Israeli tank commander told me. Without air cover and with officers of doubtful ability, still the Syrian fellah stood and fought to the last.

The Israelis say this war is taking longer because the Arab armies are equipped with the newest Russian weapons, weapons like the sophisticated shoulder rocket antitank gun. But no matter how good the arms, they do not operate themselves. Not yet anyway. In the past Arab soldiers broke and ran when they came under fire. This time, here on the northern front and in the Sinai, they are standing and fighting. Five miles inside Syria I watched a completely surrounded Arab unit, mercilessly rocketed and napalmed from above, continue to fight, continue to fire its guns until the last man had fallen. Why the Arab soldier who dropped his arms and fled seven years ago is standing his ground this time, I don't know. It has to be more than just a question of better arms.

Damascus was on the lips of the soldiers at the front. But I think the complete destruction of the Syrian army is what the Israeli command is really after. The terrain over which the Syrian and Israeli troops are fighting is barren, craggy, inhospitable. Why, asked one of my photographer friends, would any one ever fight for such territory? Not an easy question to answer. □

Mr. Theodoracopulos last reported for NR *on the difficulties in getting into Libya.*

Get on the Beam, Mote!

How odd that everywhere you go
So many men and women know
The trouble with the other guy
But miss the mote in their own eye.

Of Communism, peace, and war,
The politics of Ecuador,
Of China, France, the Palestinians
They hold infallible opinions.

On atom bombs, United Nations,
They make omniscient proclamations.
For curing all the world's worst cancers
Their fingertips have all the answers.

I envy them who always know
Exactly how to run the show.
Still, since they know so much, how come
We haven't the millennium?

CORINNA MARSH

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

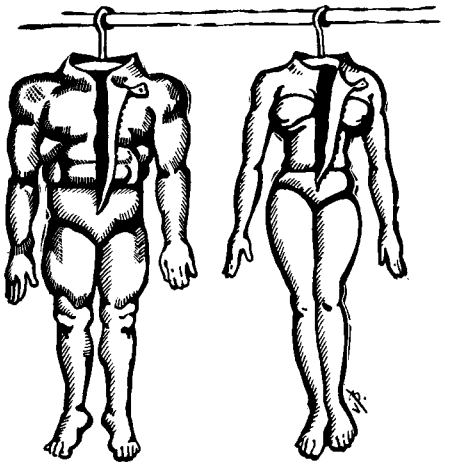
D. KEITH MANO

The Body Baroque

Bottles of baby oil lie scattered. Empty. Dead soldiers perhaps from a strange carouse. The men glisten. Pump, pump, pump: Their biceps come up, leavened bread. My God, the physical effort; I pull a muscle imagining it. They are mostly short men, not handsome: physiques exaggerated, burly as low rock walls. Compensation, I wonder, for what childhood slight? Mothers and wives watch: They seem overdressed in the semi-nude context. It's a competition and a social event. Cordial: They've met before in the wings of six dozen different theaters. Some jerk towels backward and forward, bent over, lumberjacks at a two-handed saw, pumping, pumping. I see an exploded tattoo. The outline of some predatory bird, fragmented to a blue connect-the-dots sketch by muscle growth. Torsos are scarred with a pregnant woman's stretch marking. Veins rush across them, crazy and desperate, overtaxed. Tonight one of these men will become Mr. World, 1973.

But the women are on now: Miss Body Beautiful. Strictly a bush league show. The entrants are nondescript; they know it. Most look as if they'd taken an innocent short cut from Lexington to Park across the Hunter College stage. They exit right with roses cradled gingerly, the thorns held just above soft parts. One woman has a 1920s bathing costume; her figure is roughly contemporaneous. Maybe a college scrubwoman ran home after work. A mobbed house raves by the numbers: forty or over. Sexual noises, wet and adolescent. The men are appraised in another mode. Loud, enthusiastic certainly, yet with Apollonian, reverent undertones. The last woman comes off, lips blue with embarrassment. You could dial her measurements and get directory assistance for downtown Chicago. It's a joke. But the more contests you have, the more relatives and friends to hype your box office. Dan Lurie, the Sol Hurok of man flesh, understands that.

Mr. World now. I've seen a preliminary: rookie physiques just up from the



farm system. It seemed grotesque, a boy preening in the locker room. But these are champions and they flabbergast. The ideal is to appear flayed, some anatomical diagram. Each has a personalized routine; certain displays, though, are obligatory. One foot steps forward: Gently it rolls, as it extinguishing a butt. Muscles pop out in the upper thigh. Ranges, foothills, recondite valleys: a small geography. Turn. Their behinds are infantile, made to fit a shooting stick. Backs flare out, opened with the slow, ominous intent of a cobra's hood. Turn. Odd squares, two by four, begin surfacing: a set of spice drawers in the abdomen. Finale: Fists press together. A fierce blush fills from sternum to forehead. They pant. Huge muscles rise beside the neck; a painful secondary shrug. Applause: Claques shriek support. And I capitulate. There is a mad, outlandish loveliness to it.

Body building has its trial horses. Men past forty. Grey in the sideburns; posing briefs that bag around shrunken nates. One entrant in the Mr. America preliminary had a single major credit: the 1949 Pennsylvania title. A 24 year slump; another line of work might be recommended. One made his entrance with nothing, looked like the hanger Mr. World might have come on. And he wouldn't leave. Blind, nasty determination on his face, he rummaged for muscles as for loose change. The crowd tried politeness: Maybe this guy's bedroom mirror was on the fritz. Then impatience; then round booing. The human hanger caught on. Reluctantly. His final pose was a kind of Sicilian gesture, fist in elbow crook. Exit.

AT INTERMISSION we get old Steve Reeves film footage. Then we get old Steve Reeves. Tall, greying, ambassadorial; he supplies legitimacy and a benediction. Seems bashful, though; I can barely hear him. Could be Reeves has been dubbed and redubbed so often as the Italian Hercules, he has no faith left in his voice. At last, the big attraction: Mr. Universe himself, Frank Zane. Backstage he wears glasses: Evidently there are no isometrics for the retina. Mrs. Zane is pretty. Mirrors at home must be worn to their quicksilvering. Zane travels with his own taped background music. Thunderous Dmitri Tiomkin chords, as if his sinews were a cast of thousands. But Zane is special. He teaches me the art of posing. It distinguishes him from the hunky, crass crowd. Zane's body seems to lap dissolve: display after display, with an even, lithe grace. It's beautiful. His muscles choreograph well, a school of small fish facing into new currents, agile and separate, yet with deep herd instincts. The crowd is maddened by it.

Frank Zane, Inc: also a well-developed corporate body. Flyers offer: "The posing brief worn by Frank Zane tonight." One like it, they mean; unhygienic otherwise. "In white, blue, and black silky double stretch knit selected

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Ruth Berenson *is NR's gifted and wide-ranging art critic. . . . Since* **David Brudnoy** *now appears on* two *Boston television stations, if Massachusetts goes Dem again in '76 it can no longer plead ignorance.*

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for its good looks and fit." Eleven bucks. For twelve, "The new Frank Zane multiple formula tablets in bottles of 180." Also training courses. "Championship Legs." "Upper Body." "Total Body." "How I Won My Titles." Number five appeals to me: "Cheating the Quality Physique." That's what I want: some short cuts. I ask about number five. Someone changes the h to an r, "Creating the Quality Physique." I lose interest.

The Mr. World title is decided by a pose-off. Three men going head on. Biceps you could shot-put. Laocoons trapped, straining, in the serpent of their own brawn. The winner is evenly proportioned, along Zane's lines. Mr. Second Place is so muscular he looks like the Michelin Tire logo. He has trouble lifting a leg onto the pedestal. Mr. World will fly to London for the Mr. Universe competition. Losers will return to a sweaty monasticism. Pullovers and Scott curls; hack squats and bench presses; pecs, lats, rectus femoris, and vastus externus; vitamins and wheat germ; ridiculous sleeve sizes. It's two months from winter. Winter is a bad time for them. Overcoated, you can't tell a fine quadriceps from two yards of fat. The articulation is gone. They just bulk: mahogany highboys. It's an insane life. But, hell, nobody kicks sand in their face at the beach. □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

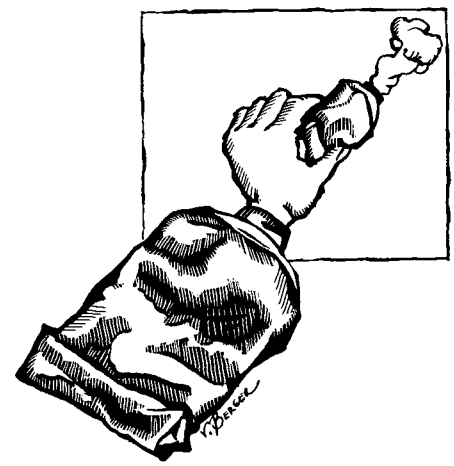
Native Impressionism

New York's Whitney Museum, devoted to the display of American art, past and present, has now resurrected American Impressionist painters from the limbo in which most of them have reposed for the last thirty years. In so doing, it has demonstrated that despite their obvious adoption of alien—i.e., French—techniques, these artists retained a native *Weltanschauung*, making, in the process, notable contributions to American art. The exhibition, already seen at Washington's National Gallery and scheduled to travel to the Cincinnati Art Museum and the North Carolina Museum at Raleigh, not only presents works by such internationally known figures as Mary Cassatt and John Singer Sargent, but also rescues others from undeserved oblivion. It is full of charm, with lots of gay, shimmering landscapes peopled with willowy American girls "dressed in white muslin, with a hundred frills and flounces and knots of pale colored ribbon . . . strikingly, admirably pretty," painted embodiments of their contemporary, Henry James's *Daisy Miller*, published in 1879.

Most of the twenty artists represented became converts to Impressionism during protracted study periods in Europe—almost *de rigueur* for American painters in the last third of the nineteenth century. Although a majority were schooled in the academic ateliers of Paris, a smaller, older group studied at the Munich Academy in the 1870s, among them William Merritt Chase and John Twachtman, both of whom, even after adopting the Impressionist palette, retained the slashing yet form-defining brush strokes they had learned there. Only the French-trained Americans wholeheartedly adopted the rough textures and broken color developed by Monet and Pissarro.

It was Monet who, for the Americans, was the font of wisdom: few seem to have been acquainted with Pissarro, Sisley, and the others. In the Nineties, Monet's house at Giverny was a kind of pilgrimage center for the young neophytes: Sargent went there in 1887 to paint the master, and for a few years afterward his landscapes and outdoor portraits display the dissolving forms and vibrant colors characteristic of Impressionism at its—and Sargent's—best. Other American artists were so taken with Monet and the charms of Giverny itself that they settled there more or less permanently. Among these were two of the forgotten artists, expatriates both, rescued in this show: Theodore Butler, who married Monet's stepdaughter, and Frederick Carl Frieseke, who lived next door to the master and progressed, in the course of a long life (he died in 1939), to a decorative post-Impressionism reminiscent of Bonnard.

Among the group, Mary Cassatt, daughter of an aristocratic Philadelphian family, was exceptional. As a painter, she was affected not by Monet but by Degas; the latter, famous for his rather testy humor, so admired her work that he insisted to his colleagues that she exhibit with them. In turn, Cassatt, who spent most of her life in France, persuaded her rich American friends Mrs. Horace Havemeyer of New York and Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago to collect Impressionist pictures long before they were sought after in their native land; her discriminating taste and dogged advocacy account for the quality of the Impressionist holdings of the Metropolitan Museum and the Art Institute, which are unmatched anywhere in Europe, even the Louvre. As a painter, Cassatt was by far the most gifted of the group, the least imitative. Her strongly modeled portraits,



often of young mothers with their children, are honest, unsentimental, and share with those of Degas a solidity and monumentality lacking in most Impressionist art, whether French or American.

As a whole the show demonstrates that those Americans who adopted these French techniques were either unwilling or unable to relinquish the matter-of-factness, the concern for clearly defined forms and details, even the interest in narrative which characterizes most American art in the nineteenth century. When Monet counseled the young Bostonian, Lilla Cabot Perry, "Try to forget what objects you have before you, a tree, a field, or whatever. Merely think, here is a little squeeze of blue, here an oblong of pink, here a streak of yellow," he was, in effect, asking the impossible: American artists, whatever their training, were thoroughly imbued with a respect for factual truth whose origins go back, perhaps, to that sturdy common sense which enabled their not-so-remote ancestors to face the harsh realities of an untamed wilderness. It took another half century before they began thinking of pictures

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ONCE UPON A TIME, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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as composed of "a little squeeze of blue, an oblong of pink, a streak of yellow"—and that foray into the nonobjectivity of Abstract Expressionism and color-field painting lasted but a single generation—1950 to 1970. The fact that serious painters are now once again—in new and different ways, to be sure, reproducing the visual world in a straightforward factual way may indicate that realism in American art is more profoundly rooted in the national character than many had suspected. □

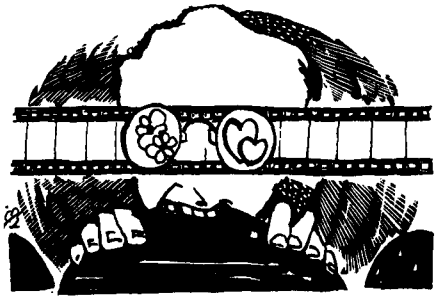
FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

So Long, Miss American Pie

An occupational hazard of film criticking is coming to hate movies, to sit grim-faced through laff-riots, yawn during thrillers, peek at a newspaper by the light of a 10-watt aisle bulb during pornoflicks, to prefer B-grade Westerns on TV to the latest *cinéma vérité* or *nouvelle vague* or *sensibilité toodle-loo*, to emerge dry-eyed from weepers and aching for a martini after enduring the decade's major morality flick.

But now, at last, the bloom of cinemaphilia somewhat faded after (good grief!) 15 years of intermittent film reviewing, I've resolved: If it shows me nothing, nothing at all, in the first twenty minutes, I walk out, and hang the reviewer's duty to agonize through



tripe just to report on it. Here's what I found worthless this time around: *Sssssss*, slither and glumph; *I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband*, criminy; *Lady Kung Fu* and *Enter the Dragon*, ai-eeee!; *Happy Mother's Day . . . Love, George*, a mommy monsterflick; and, not awful but very weak, *Class of '44*, sequel to *Summer of '42*.

American Graffiti: Now there's class, and while we're doing the nostalgia number, a comparison with *Class of '44* is in order. The latter toys with emotion, softening the mental focus like one of those gauze lenses they trot out to camouflage Doris Day's wrinkles. The makers of *Class of '44* calculated that it's time to sucker in the bucks with a backward glance. They were right, and their slick, crass, and prettied-up imitation of reality has done well. *Summer of '42* hovered on the verge of mammoth sentimentality; *Class of '44* took the plunge.

American Graffiti takes both its time (1962) and ours seriously. We see one night in the lives of four high school chums and the girls they spend that night with. The binding device is music of the early '60s, played by DJ Wolfman Jack, and listened to on their car radios by each of the boys during his eve of, one supposes, discovery. Steve (Ronny Howard), the handsome charmer working things out with his girl (Cindy Williams) before going "back East" to college; John (Paul Le Mat), the greaser drag-racer, out gashing in his impossible car, looking for a woman but winding up with a bothersome 13-year-old (Mackenzie Phillips); Curt (Richard Dreyfuss), reluctant to go off to college with Steve, preferring to stay in California chasing his dream girl; and Toad (Charles Martin Smith), the runt, saddled with his first opportunity to experience A Real Woman (Candy Clark)—these four talk, dance, dress, speak (we almost believe *think*) as they (we) did then. No exaggeration here, and no forcing the material, as we watch the '50s end —an era that remains the best of times only to those who've atrophied over the last eleven years, but an era, nonetheless, ripe for the nostalgia trip. Produced by Francis Ford Coppola (*Godfather*) and directed by George Lucas, who handles material that could easily have slipped through his fingers, *American Graffiti* triumphs, making the most of the young actors who so wonderfully capture what I, at least, remember of that time.

Two winners in one month, not quite enough to shake off those film-reviewer's blues, but a lift. *Bang the Drum Slowly*, based on Mark Harris' 1958 novel, tells of the friendship between baseball pitcher Henry Wiggen (Michael Moriarty), the star, and his ungainly, hick buddy, catcher Bruce Pearson (Robert De Niro), who is dying of Hodgkin's Disease. A canard has it that flicks about sports always flop; this one should put that to rest, although it is no more *about* baseball than *Moby Dick* is about whaling. The nature of camaraderie, in this case one tested not fully but well, provides the quite plausible theme. To guarantee Pearson one last joyful year in the majors, golden boy Wiggen practices deceptions, demands that his contract be tied to Pearson's, that the two be kept or traded as a pair. Unheard of, bellows manager Dutch Schnell (Vincent Gardenia), but business is business, Wiggen's the tops, so be it.

Bang the Drum Slowly is a simple

and old-fashioned film: no kinky sex, no violence, no cheap-shot psychologizing, no political message mucking up the story. We know early on that Pearson's dying, that at the end he will be dead, that Wiggen's efforts to keep the secret will fail. But that the plot is clear from the start in no way interferes with the film's remarkable holding power on our attention, as we experience the working out of a common, yet vital matter: friendship. An uncommonly fine show.

Not so with Brian Hutton's *Night Watch*, which at least dispels the rumor that Elizabeth Taylor has become Mama Cass. Taylor's radiant as the wife of deliciously slimy Laurence Harvey, and friend of the Other Woman, Billie Whitelaw, but as she goes quickly mad (or does she?) with trumpets and flourishes galore, she becomes lost in a movie in search of a point of view. A thriller must have a center, a stance, an orientation. This one has nothing but gloss, glitter, some fine acting, and the requisite pintage of blood. A good horrorflick unnerves its viewers, and this one does have its moments, mainly the last dozen. But it must also maintain a consistent tone, leading in the end, by however circuitous a route, to resolutions, all the pieces fitting in place, even if awkwardly. What Hitchcock might have made of this chiller manqué—ten years ago. □

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BOOKS

A Buckley Blockbuster

Servants and Their Masters
By Fergus Reid Buckley
Doubleday, 624 pp., $10

PATRICIA S. COYNE

I knew when the book arrived that there would be problems. Because of the family connections, the author is not just another author, and thus the chances of coming up with convincingly honest criticism in *NR* seemed something less than excellent. A favorable review would with justice be considered partisan, an unfavorable review an embarrassment. And complicating all this is the reviewer's instinctive temptation to demonstrate the courage of his critical integrity by finding as many flaws as possible. Much nicer, after all, to risk being thought perverse by the editors (who are kind people and would never let you know), than to be thought a sycophant by your readers. Yet ultimately, a reviewer's obligation is not to himself but to the book he reviews. And so I accepted this assignment with a good deal of trepidation.

Nor was my apprehension stilled by the book itself. In galleys it was mammoth, even more ponderous potential for unconvincing dishonesty than I had anticipated. But as soon as I began to read, the abstract contemplations on critical obligations and the nature of critical integrity were blown quickly away. For while *Servants and Their Masters* remains the most difficult book I have ever reviewed, it is a novel sui generis, just possibly a contemporary masterpiece.

Servants and Their Masters blithely breaks with almost all accepted modern novelistic tradition. For one thing, it is vastly overplotted. Any sane editor would almost certainly have pleaded for simplification: "Impossible," he would have said, "to hold together a story line so tortuously woven and knotted." But he would have been wrong, for Buckley approaches—horrible word—genius in the originality and quality of his imagination and in his ability to control and blend his creation into a whole. Few contemporary authors could have dreamed up a plot of such complexity, assembled as diverse and multitudinous a cast, and brought it all off. Only the most eccentric would have tried.

And although Buckley has obviously read copiously and has learned from it, still he takes ground that previous authors cleared and covers it in entirely different ways, almost as if an ambitious black humorist had collaborated with Fielding, Thackeray, Evelyn Waugh, and Terry Southern to bring forth a fantastically hybrid beast.

THERE WERE reservations, especially during those moments, even early on in the novel, when the whole thing seemed to be lurching desperately out of control. Buckley's taste tends toward the bizarrely catastrophic, and he seems to take delight in challenging the reader to shriek that enough's enough. Yet always, just as the collapse of credibility seems imminent, he swings easily back into familiar and well-grounded human experience. It's a style fraught with alien tensions—initially jarring, but increasingly exhilarating as confidence in the author grows.

Yet in spite of the ambitious plot, the well-crafted prose, the careful detail, there were times when I felt that Buckley could not possibly be serious about his work, or for that matter about life in general. He seems to take his seat, ninth row, center aisle, there quite blissfully to view a drama centered in a study of the depths of human degradation. But always, at just the right moment, he shifts the backdrop just a bit and a deep and warm concern for the human condition and the state of the individual human soul shows through.

Servants and Their Masters is set in modern Spain, with flashbacks into Spanish history. Its theme is the relationship between classes. The titled classes yearn for money, the moneyed classes yearn for titles, and the servants yearn for status and respect. The plot circles erratically around a planned sexual scandal, designed to blow the lid off Madrid society.

A first-person narrator, a British industrialist, pops up along about the third quarter, in a way that would have enraged Henry James, and tells us about everything. And the action, in antic-serious fashion, pushes the vast host of characters to the extreme limits of physical and emotional human experience.

Buckley, who lived in Spain for almost twelve years, seems to know Spanish financial, sexual, philosophical,

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social, and somatic concerns with an almost indecent intimacy. But despite the fantastic complexity of the plot and the urbane experimentation with prose style, Buckley's strength is characterization. Each of his army of people is memorably unique, absolutely individual, and completely recognizable. The typical black humorist, whom Buckley in some ways resembles, creates people you'll never meet after the last page. But I could pick any number of Buckley's characters out in a crowd. He has, in short, managed to recreate the warmth and interest in humanity characteristic of the great eighteenth and nineteenth century novelists, yet he still defines them in modern terms. And while he individualizes his people through their idiosyncrasies, he creates neither heroes nor villains. He draws no distinct political conclusions, composes no moral lessons. He merely enjoys and describes the human comedy.

BUT although Buckley successfully carries this all off, there is a tendency in his writing that does give pause. Each age has its excesses. The Victorian excess was sentimentality. Our grandparents admired refined feelings and often judged an author's worth on the nicety of his sentiment. Consequently, a good number of Victorian writers oversentimentalized themselves into oblivion. And even with the greatest Victorian authors, we find that we have to make allowances for certain sentimental excess.

But the excess of our period lies in the opposite direction, in a tendency to oversexualize. Just as Victorian characterization was often limited by sentiment—devotion to an angelic mother, concern for a sickly moppet—so the modern hero often lacks dimension because of his overdone sexuality. And the author who succumbs, who is taken in by the excesses of his particular age, is inevitably, for the next generation, quaintly dated.

A writer wants to be read and enjoyed by his contemporaries. Still, a writer as talented as Buckley must necessarily lust for the larger prize—to have his novels acclaimed as classics, and to be read and enjoyed by his grandchildren. And his chance of achieving that prize will inevitably be lessened if he wanders too much further down the path of modern sexual trendiness.

But minor qualifications aside, *Servants and Their Masters* is a magnificently unique and uniquely readable novel by an author whose tastes, predilections, and philosophic outlook fall refreshingly outside the mainstream of modern literary thought. He is certainly not behind his time. His talent is an altogether modern one. Perhaps he is merely running with a giddy but minor literary current. Still, there is just a chance that the whole celebrated Buckley clan will be remembered not as politicians or polemicists or social philosophers but as relatives of the major twentieth century novelist, Fergus Reid Buckley. □

Pat Coyne *is a frequent contributor to these pages. . . .* **Charls E. Walker**, *a Washington consultant, was Deputy Secretary of the Treasury in the first Nixon Administration. . . .* *Father* **David A. Boileau**, *like Malachi Martin, is a doctor from Louvain. . . .* **Bruce Barr** *is on the staff of the Senate Republican Policy Committee.*

The Rape of the Taxpayer
By Philip M. Stern
Random House, 483 pp., $10

CATCH-22 ABOUT FORM 1040

CHARLS E. WALKER

If you're interested in eighty tables with thousands of statistics, a mock jury trial ("People *v.* The Capital Gains Tax"), and an unsuccessful attempt at light, sparkling writing—"The scene is a packed U.S. courtroom. . . . The twelve jurors have been chosen, and the opposing lawyers are scheduled to make their opening statements. The noise in the courtroom subsides as the judge enters"—all of this adding up to a polemic designed to raise the typical taxpayer's temperature even higher each April 15—then struggle through this book.

But if, on the other hand, you are a person who agrees with Justice Holmes that taxes are the price we pay for civilized society, who wants fully to comprehend the why, how, and "who's hit" of the U.S. tax system, and who wants to know what, if anything, should be done to change it, then look elsewhere, for this propaganda piece falls woefully short of providing substantive enlightenment, and in fact misinforms as much as it informs.

Not that the reader won't get a lot of information from Mr. Stern, who has plenty of answers. The problem is that he hasn't figured out what the right questions are.

Just to stake out Stern's point of view, take his title. And in case you are wondering precisely who is the "raper" and who is the "rapee," then turn to the subtitle: "Why you pay more while the rich pay less."

Let's take the typical reader of the book and assume that if he can afford the ten dollar price he is probably somewhere in the $15,000-$30,000 family income range. Does he typically pay more in federal income taxes than those in higher brackets? In a very few instances, yes, but in the overwhelming majority of cases, the answer is no. And not only does the high-income family pay more than those with lower incomes, the percentage of income paid is almost invariably higher. Stern's subtitle notwithstanding, the U.S. individual income tax system is progressive, with the take running from zero for the millions of nontaxpayers to about 10 per cent in the lowest bracket and up to about 33 per cent in the highest (marginal rates go as high as 70 per cent on so-called unearned income). Some scholars believe that after allowance is made for the impact of the corporate profits tax on capital, top-bracket taxpayers pay upward of 40 per cent.

Although this range of progressivity may not be enough to suit those who want to chase the will-o'-the-wisp of wealth redistribution through taxation, it is probably steep enough to suit most Americans. Moreover, recent studies that combine the federal tax system with uses of federal dollars (the latter are heavily weighted toward low-income groups) depict a highly progressive federal fiscal system.

If these are the facts, how then does Stern attempt to justify the book's title and subtitle? By a false assumption and one "Catch-22."

The false assumption is that "equity," somehow defined, should be the sole criterion for our federal income tax system. In Stern's image, equity means that regardless of other circumstances,

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: "Morgan Irving," veep of a New York bank, joins Charles Sopkin to report on what goes on behind your botched-up monthly statement in *Bank Book* (Little, Brown, $6.95). . . . Hope Ridings Miller digs for all the sexual blemishes of Presidents from Washington to LBJ in *Scandals in High Places* (Random, $6.95). . . . *Tall Girls Are Grateful*, says Charles McCabe, who likes them tall or short but not liberated (Chronicle, $6.95). . . . Charles Douglas-Home's *Rommel* is a major study (Saturday Review Press, $12.50). The same house offers *Maverick Inventor: My Turbulent Years at CBS*, by Peter C. Goldmark with Lee Edson ($7.95). . . . *Nobody's Business*, by Toby Moffett tells how a liberal Connecticut citizens' group got the goods on every state legislator (Chatham, $6.50; paper, $2.95).

In July 1971 Stewart Alsop was told he had a year to live. He reports on this in *Stay of Execution: A Sort of Memoir* (Lippincott, $6.95). . . . George McManus' famed comic strip, *Bringing Up Father*, is assembeld again by Herb Galewitz for Scribners ($9.95). . . . Jerry Patterson analyzes a hobby that can be lucrative in *Autographs: A Collector's Guide* (Crown, $6.95). . . . Tom Wolfe's latest is a report on the astronauts, *The Right Stuff* (Farrar, $6.95). . . . Mary Daly, girl theologian, sees Liberation at the end of the rainbow *Beyond God the Father* (Beacon, $8.95). . . . *Pavlova* is a bio by Oleg Kerensky (Dutton, $6.50). . . . *Widen the Prison Gates* urges ex-con Philip Berrigan (Simon & Schuster, $8.95). . . . *The Last Encore* has words by Noel Coward and pictures from his life (Little, Brown, $12.95). . . . *Umano and the Price of Lasting Peace* is a study of Italian thinker Gaetano Meale by Edgar Ansel and Lilian T. Mowrer (Philosophical Library, $6). . . . George H. Forsyth and Kurt Weitzmann photograph and catalogue the treasures in Justinian's church and fortress, *The Monastery of St. Catherine at Mount Sinai* (Michigan; $37.50 to Jan. 1, then $45). . . . Tibor Machan anthologizes *The Libertarian Alternative* for Nelson-Hall.

■ PAPERBACKS: Popular Library offers Rudolf Bing's *5,000 Nights at the Opera* ($1.25). . . . Richard J. Purtill studies C. S. Lewis and Tolkien in *Lord of the Elves and Edils* (Zondervan, Jan., $1.50). . . . Paperback Library just out with an oversized, upbeat venture in Americana, *Old Glory* ($4.95). . . . Just out by the London *Sunday Times* team, *Watergate: The Full Inside Story* (Ballantine, $1.50). . . . *Trotsky* is a word-and-picture study by Francis Wyndham and David King (Penguin, $4.95). . . . For Pocket, *Harry S. Truman*, by daughter Margaret (Jan., $1.95) and ten Agatha Christie oldies at 95 cents each.

individuals with identical incomes should pay identical amounts of federal income tax. (Stern's definition of "income" for this purpose is straightforward: Income for federal income tax purposes should include "everything you received that gave you an ability to buy things." This definition means that the gain on the sale of assets held many years, such as a small business, would be taxed at ordinary income rates.)

Stern's definition of "equity" would preclude special deductions and credits which presumably were placed in the law to achieve more equity in the first place, such as tax preferences for the elderly, the blind, or the family unlucky enough to suffer heavy medical expenses or casualty losses.

Beyond this important consideration, Stern either ignores or rejects the fact that deliberate "inequities" can be used effectively to achieve important social purposes, such as a high and sustainable rate of economic growth, more adequate employment opportunities, enhanced competitiveness of U.S. business in world markets, better and more widespread educational opportunities, and improvement of the environment. Stern summarily rejects such investment stimulants as accelerated depreciation and the investment credit as flat-out tax subsidies for business, conveniently ignoring the fact that in 1961-1962 President John F. Kennedy (whose tax initiatives are otherwise applauded) proposed such measures for reasons of growth and international competition. He also ignores the fact that the weight (although not unanimity) of expert economic opinion supports the view that these devices effectively serve the stated goals.

MOREOVER, tax preferences or penalties can do much to help improve the environment and, if properly conceived and implemented, can work without the disruption of the private decision-making process which results from direct regulation.

The important point to note is that such preferences and penalties can effectively serve social goals precisely because they *are* inequitable. The businessman who invests in productive equipment pays less federal income tax than the businessman who does not—that's manifestly inequitable, but it promotes such investment.

In the simplest sense as offered by Stern, "equity" must therefore be rejected as the *sole* criterion of the federal tax system.

Stern's "Catch-22"—his other justification for charging a rape of the low- and middle-income taxpayer — reflects the simple truism that, under a progressive tax system, a deduction against income will mean more to high-income taxpayers than those of low income. For example, in forgone taxes, $100 in deductions (*not* credits) is worth $50 to $70 to a top-bracket taxpayer, but only $14 to the person in the lowest bracket.

So what else is new? This is in the very nature of a progressive income tax system in which deductions are an important means of granting preferences, and the greater the progressivity, the greater the apparent disparity. If all taxpayers, rich and poor, paid the same rates—a prospect that would justifiably horrify Stern—the problem would not exist. Or, if *credits against* rather than *deductions from* income were the predominant preference technique, the dollar benefits would be the same for rich and poor.

Surprisingly, Stern pays little attention to the issue of credits versus deductions; the former should be right down his alley in helping to stop the alleged rape of all those poor people. But although substitution of credits for deductions in the tax laws would provide the same dollars-and-cents benefit for any taxpayer on a given amount of preferences, the obvious result would be an increase in the progressivity of the system. To me, the system is already sufficiently progressive—a view that is implicitly and surprisingly supported by Stern, who, in his concluding chapter, rather grandiosely offers a tax program which would both simplify (by removing practically all preferences) and reduce rates. Under Stern's plan, rates would range from 8 per cent

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to 40 per cent, not all that far from today's curve. (Stern's plan is presented on pages 400-404 of the book, which makes the reader wonder what the first 399 pages were all about.)

But enough of this fiddling around with Stern's misleading and enervating analysis. Just what questions should be addressed by a serious author who wants to probe the effectiveness and fairness of the federal income tax system? First, does the system raise the revenues necessary to run the government in a fair and efficient manner? The U.S. system is certainly efficient and is envied very much abroad. Moreover, the individual income tax system deserves much better marks for fairness than Stern or the demagogues will give it. But the increasing reliance on payroll taxes that are heavily regressive in impact should give us considerable pause. The burden of the payroll tax on lower-echelon wage-earners needs early review. (Stern gives this high-priority matter only a few paragraphs.)

Does the federal tax system contribute as well as it should to economic growth and progress? Probably not. In my judgment, the system is heavily weighted in favor of consumption and against capital formation of all kinds, a judgment that is supported by the shape of the tax systems among our foreign competitors. The burden of corporate taxation is lighter in most of these countries, a disparity which may increase as European nations swing further toward a consumption-based (investment goods exempted) Value Added Tax. Taxes on capital gains in the United States are among the highest in the world, while most countries do not tax capital gains at all. United States estate taxes, extending up to 77 per cent and with a 1942-based deduction of only $60,000, confiscate large amounts of capital at death and encourage its consumption before death. (I am not overlooking the fact that capital gains carried into estates "escape" the capital gains tax. But rather than attack this as an out-and-out loophole, as Stern does, the relevant question relates to the logic and equity of the existing capital gains tax in the U.S. income tax system.)

Are we making effective use of federal tax policy to serve other important social goals? Decidedly not. The use of tax preferences and penalties for such purposes has hardly been explored, especially with respect to environmental goals. To repeat: It is far preferable to use the tax system, working through rather than against market forces, to serve such goals, rather than to rely on the bureaucracy-breeding type of direct regulation that both obstructs and distorts private decision-making.

What should we do about the federal tax system? The alternatives range all the way from assuming we have a clean slate on which to write—which we do not—to marginal improvements. I prefer something much beyond marginal improvements, with special emphasis on reducing the burdens on capital formation in order to promote jobs, growth, and international competitiveness. VAT should be studied carefully, not simply because it appears to be the wave of the future in Western Europe, but also because it can be shaped so as to be non-regressive in impact. VAT favors investment over consumption; it is easy to administer; it is a very effective revenue-raiser; and it operates without the extremely complicated provisions of the Internal Revenue Code (dealing mainly with what is income and what are legal deductions therefrom) which now provide so much remunerative work for tax lawyers and accountants.

But even if we don't do these things, we are not—as Mr. Stern implies—raping the poor taxpayer for the benefit of the rich. Like many other institutions in our political democracy, the federal income tax system, although far from perfect, works pretty well and is basically fair. There is much to be said on this important subject, but Stern doesn't say it. □

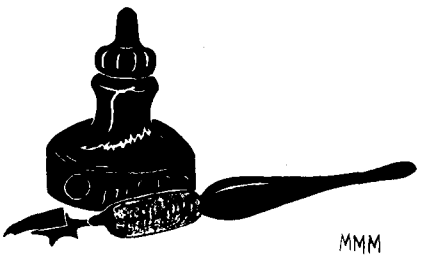
Jesus Now
By Malachi Martin
Dutton, 340 pp., $7.95

DESTROYING IMAGES

DAVID A. BOILEAU

A serious scholar and a brilliant writer is publishing a passionate essay written with fire, giving us a profound view of what Jesus is bringing to man, to be himself: the Jesus self. To teach this magnificent view, you have to go through a more dark and irritating one. You could not understand the answer, if you did not feel the profound disappointment of the author with the images the Church and people gave of Jesus and if you did not sympathize with the research of the various cultures and with the gaps and longing of our time.

You find first a destroying of the images of Jesus, as lived in the Church and the world. Martin is hacking idols, laying bare the good conscience of Catholics, Protestants, and orthodoxes, the infantileness or dishonesty of revolutionaries, gay people, and charismatics. Perhaps the reader could sense an anti-ecumenical fever, not against ecumenism, but against a reducing to sterile universalism and pragmatic compromise. Everybody has to read it as provocation to judge himself honestly. The picture is harsh, crude, and, of course, very debatable. We will also find our own picture, and if the other's picture seems in some points to be right, our own must be as right. If



Martin is giving a judgment, it could be unfair and unjust, but it provokes us to judge ourselves.

Martin is rejecting the narrow search of the historical Jesus and is bringing some incisive correctives and criticisms. He gives a survey of the factual Jesus as found in non-Christian evidence. But his picture of the scientific Jesus falls short of the factual Jesus. He thinks that the critical analysis of the New Testament evidence is more inspiring for the believer. I am afraid here of a fideistic approach, a too strong opposition between factual and spiritual knowledge. For the systematic Jesus, the picture is honest, but, if he had read in full the great Fathers of the Church and not just some cold systematical sentences, he would have found very many of his ideas on immortality there expressed.

The Jesus self, the human personality Jesus reveals and makes possible, goes beyond the selves of the spiritual history of mankind. These selves are bound to a world in which all hope is

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confined as the continuation of a people as a vehicle of redemption for the whole world (the Jewish self), or the individual's innate desire to transcend his condition and to reach the absolute good, truth, and beauty (the Greek self), or the spirit living and moving among material objects never blocking the transparency of all images and forms (the Moslem self) . . . and so on for the China self, the Japan self, etc., etc.

The Jesus self is beyond all these selves, but also very different from the false figures (the Jesus Caesar, the Jesus Monk, the Jesus Doctor) of history. We also should not maintain the old patterns of a seasonal man, nor strengthen the IBM Christianity that would reflect in the institutions not the concept of Jesus and God, but the merely human order of things, with a febricity of words and paperwork, of tractations, of organized cadres and sociopolitical protests. The change should not be on the level of technique of management nor in the display of jargon.

Beyond the disappointment of the images of Jesus, the Jesus self itself (and not the Christian one) is our salvation. In Jesus self is all that men ever hated and loved; it is a self made possible by Jesus and based on a response by the human self. Our self is made possible by a God who is a loving God, and who also belongs to history, not that Jesus was only a man, but that he made all shedding of blood and all dying holy. Thus, we came to be clothed with immortality.

Jesus is giving us our identity—to us as Christians and to every man in man's history—by giving us a spiritual knowing and knowledge, so that we are not left to factual knowledge, but can know what should be in life so that it would be human; by revealing the nonhuman element in man, his capacity of eternal, undying, and infinite love (note here a criticism of Teilhard's too factual concept of man's history); by giving to human life its infinity, the worth of living this life. We are loved by a love which never deserts us and never lets us cease to be, so we are no longer ciphers in a world; by doing in time acts that make us capable to attain in time, in the human condition of birth, life, and death, the Infinite we desire. Jesus is making possible our exit from the incapacity for attaining the love we are made for.

This is salvation: not a living again in a reanimated corpse, but the value and significance of our life and death in time. This is personalism: Jesus is asking *me* to do so.

Without Jesus, man's history would be inhuman, but Jesus is still indigestible by human logic and unassimilable by factual knowledge. Note in this some reduction of eternal life to the eternal value of life today, but in a nonsecular way.

All this is written in a direct, brilliant, and concrete style; it is written with fire, either devouring, consuming, purifying, and destroying the idols, or transfiguring with enthusiasm, with eagerness and ardor, or understanding with tenderness and sensibility for the poor and longing man. This passionate book will not allow anyone who reads it to be indifferent. □

We Don't Know How
By William and Elizabeth Paddock
Iowa State University, 331 pp., $9.95
The Politics of World Hunger
By Paul and Arthur Simon
Harper, 249 pp., $8.95

WORLDS APART

BRUCE BARR

Each spring, more and more of my neighbors here in Old Farm—a Maryland suburb of Washington, D.C.—plant vegetable gardens. They're planting lettuce, and onions, and cucumbers, and they're digging, planting, and hoeing because the price of all these things has climbed at the supermarket, just as William and Paul Paddock predicted in their 1968 book, *Famine 1975*.

WELL, the Paddocks are here again (William and his wife, Elizabeth) with a new book—*We Don't Know How*—and they are impossible to ignore. Far easier to ignore, indeed, a *must* to ignore, is another book on world food production also recently published, *The Politics of World Hunger*. This is a quickie, written by an ex-Lieutenant Governor of Illinois and his brother, a Lutheran minister. It is the type of book written to cash in on whatever crisis is dominating the media this month. The authors do terrible things to the science of agronomy. They do not seem to have troubled themselves with tiresome studies of epiphytotics, nitrogen production, and soil analysis, nor with the excruciatingly hard-won experience of Western man during decades of trial and error in the fields of hungry nations.

THEY ARE egregiously naive, and, given the gravity of their subject, their simple-mindedness is felonious.

"To begin with," they disclose, "international development calls for an enormous concentration of brain power." That having been decided upon, the authors pop out other lines lifted, one suspects, from an old Fred Allen interview with Senator Claghorn.

On unemployment: "More assistance is needed for development programs that create productive employment for large numbers of unemployed workers, primarily in rural areas but also in the cities."

On priorities: "The challenge of putting everyone to work for the common good deserves top priority as a development goal."

On food: "The aim should be wider consumption of food among the poor, along with increased opportunities, especially for the rural poor, to improve their living standards."

On cause and effect: "What are the consequences of slighting agriculture and neglecting rural life? Doing so hinders food production and distribution."

At the other end of the pea patch sits William and Elizabeth Paddock's *We Don't Know How*, third in a line of sensible, witty, immensely readable books that include William's earlier (written with his brother Paul) *Hungry Nations*, and *Famine 1975*.

The Paddocks do not know how to write poorly. Their earthy, wry, first-hand accounts are the stuff of reality.

One tastes the salinity, feels the hardpan soil, sees the months of drought, hears the whine of insects, rages over each new AID official's insistence upon reinventing the wheel. Paddock is an agronomist, his wife a CARE volunteer. He has worked with U.S. AID missions and agricultural experiment stations in Latin America, and served as director

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of an agricultural college in Honduras. They know their business.

The Paddocks set out to locate the prize examples of success in America's attempt to increase world food production. "The oddest thing came out of this research," they write. Of the fifty projects they visited, "when we examined these projects in the field, we found they were not at all as described by the high officials back home."

The Blue Ribbon "success" stories are described in loving, sad, frequently hilarious detail. First lesson: No one knows how to increase food production as fast as population. Second lesson: We don't know that we don't know how.

CONCLUSION: One London morning in December 1967, I sat warming my hands on my tea cup in the graduate common room of the London School of Economics. My attention at the time was focused on Jairo Vasco (a brilliant Colombian, lately of the University of Moscow), one of a group of development experts from hungry nations attending a year-long development studies program at LSE. He and the other men and women from Cyprus, Sudan, Turkey, Malawi, Uganda, Honduras, Nigeria, et al. were returning to me my now dog-eared copy of Paddock's first book.

These men and women, from nations spanning the face of the earth, had suffered all the fools far too long. To them, the Paddocks reflected reality itself. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ACADEMICS, POLITICS, AND THE 1972 ELECTION, *by Everett Carll Ladd Jr. and Seymour Martin Lipset (American Enterprise Institute, 99 pp., $3).* What are the chief "political dynamics" in the nation in general and on the campus in particular? Professors Lipset of Harvard and Ladd of Connecticut use opinion polls and the findings of other political scientists in their answer. In the nation, the main dynamics are the decline of party loyalty (more ticket-splitting) and the rise of the "new politics" (the ascendancy of the ideological amateur or "reformer" over the compromising professional or "regular"). The new politics increases the chance that an "extremist" may be nominated by a major party and later defeated in a landslide, as in '64 and '72. On campus, the major dynamic is leftism, with one exception. Academics preferred McGovern to Nixon 56 per cent to 43 per cent. McGovern fared best among young teachers, and social scientists, and at the better universities. Vietnam was a key issue. The exception to leftism was the dismay many liberal professors felt at student radicalism. Nixon might have won over these professors, had the GOP not treated the campus as enemy territory. All in all, in both the nation and academia during 1972, enthusiasm waned and negativism prevailed. Thus neither the people nor the professor bestowed mandates.

M. PETERSON

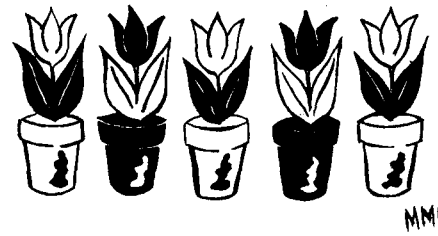
UPTIGHT WITH THE STONES, *by Richard Elman (Scribners, 119 pp., $5.65).* In this puny publishing venture, the author tours with the Rolling Stones and jots down new-journalistic impressions. The result is a slender volume with large print, a sprinkling of captionless, yearbook-quality photos, and a lot of white space. Elman's observation seems to be that, well, yes, the Stones are definitely evil, their performances writhing, frenzied celebrations of perverted sex. He admits that "the constantly made analogy to Albert Speer's Nuremberg rallies of the Thirties is accurate." The Stones themselves, he tells us, are pushing thirty now, but off stage they still talk about how their fathers don't understand them. And on they go: "Wop bop a loo bop/ Gotta get/ Wanna get/ Must get/ Will get . . . wop bop." Evil's banality personified? Or what *does* the author think about it all? Well, he's a new journalist, and he's hip. And more to the point, Truman Capote and Princess Radziwill and Terry Southern are touring too. They're snubbing him already, and just *imagine* if they caught a glimpse of moral concern. Elman obviously sees this book as just an opportunity to get off some jazzy, with-it prose. But what he proves, albeit unconsciously, is that the Stones are committing statutory rape on kids who a generation ago would have been enjoying Peter Pan. But Wendy's a groupie now, the lost boys are obliging little buggers, and Peter is afflicted with a disgusting disease of the mouth and throat. Not pretty at all, and the book is trash. But if you want to know what they're doing to our children, perhaps you'd better read it.

P. S. COYNE

AN ECONOMIST'S PROTEST, *by Milton Friedman (Horton, 219 pp.).* No need to thumb through a stack of yellowed *Newsweeks* for that quotable Friedman column you read last year (or was it the year before?). This volume squeezes six years of explosive iconoclasm into a neat little package—over a hundred brief essays arranged chronologically within topics, each topic prefaced by a new introduction. It is easy to forget the extent to which so many of the most innovative approaches to social policy are directly attributable to Friedman's efforts: The world is floating toward floating exchange rates, the postal monopoly and Social Security are under fire, experiments with school vouchers have begun, welfare is slowly being converted to cash aid based on need, the Federal Reserve has more or less accepted the money supply as its target and bank reserves as the gun, the draft has been abolished, etc., etc. Already, Friedman must surely rank with Smith, Marx, and Keynes as one of history's most influential economists. This book shows why.

A. REYNOLDS

RETREAT FROM VICTORY: *A Critical Appraisal of American Foreign and Military Policy from 1920 to the 1970s, by Drew Middleton (Hawthorn, 250 pp., $7.95).* *New York Times*man Drew Middleton can write about our foreign and military policy with some authority. He has reported from the Soviet Union, Great Britain, West Germany, the United Nations, and currently is the paper's military correspondent. (He doesn't, however, have



anything in common with the isolationists on the *Times*'s editorial page.) At the end of WW II, Mr. Middleton reminds us, America was the "mightiest power in history," and it was her responsibility to hold "the frontiers of the rule of law against the barbarians." Soon after the war, however, we demobilized most of our forces and withdrew behind our own borders. When we ventured outside, as in Vietnam, civilian "amateurs" and a military that didn't understand the nature of the war combined to insure our failure. There have been some successes, the Marshall Plan and NATO being two of them, but there have been mostly defeats. The Soviet Union is the master of Eastern Europe and is moving in on the Mideast. But perhaps the most important casualty of all, Mr. Middleton feels, has been the will of the American people. With our failure in Vietnam many Middle Americans joined the "liberal elite" in the ranks of the isolationists. He expects the Soviet Union to initiate other "peripheral pressures" on the free world, and it will be the responsibility of the United States, the only one able to uphold the "rule of law," to respond. We have the power; he's doubtful we have the will.

K. LYNCH

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1212)

than Ervin. His rhetorical excesses (as described by Mr. Buckley in another column, "The Awe-Full Senator Weicker" [Sept. 28]) would have disqualified him as a member of the Committee even if his disregard for professional ethics did not.

"Is It All Over?" It may well be that those playing for the political jackpot will find that their tactics have boomeranged. The American people may find a way to show their disgust for this farce.

Macomb, Ill. H. GLENN AYRE

If there is one truth to emerge from the televised hearings it is this: The President is a poor people-picker. All his men have to do is to step before the camera and we are forced to that conclusion. No amount of commentary, slanted or otherwise, can add to or subtract from the smarminess John Ehrlichman exudes. Nor can it erase from memory the death-mask face of Bob Haldeman. Nobody, so far as I know, made youngish Mr. Porter blurt out his statement of blind, amoral loyalty to Richard Nixon. And no amount of contrivance could have arranged for poor Mr. Reisner's hilarious descriptions of White House office life.

This army of Pecksniffs is no trivial affair blown out of importance by the media. Instead, it is a sick feeling in the stomach of the New Majority upon confronting the awesome incompetence of the man they elected to the Presidency. The man they thought, at least, knew the difference between a good apple and a bad one.

New York, N.Y. EDWARD LANGLEY

. . . and the Left

With all the shrill charges of "coverup" now being heard, this seems to me a profitable time for rereading Whittaker Chambers' *Witness.*

Now *there* was a coverup, and one in which, moreover, there was no question of presidential complicity: Mr. Truman removed any doubt with his infamous crack about the Hiss case being merely a "red herring."

Yet not only was he never called to account for this statement; the government itself, as represented by his Administra-

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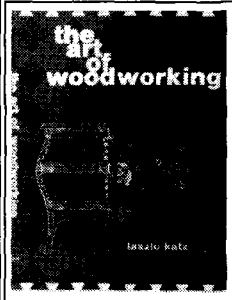

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tion, relentlessly hounded and threatened Mr. Chambers for years, while the press (with a very few honorable exceptions) carried on a determined effort not only to destroy Chambers but to exalt Hiss to the status of a national hero.

Compared to espionage against one's own country as a servant of the Communist conspiracy, the Watergate breakin seems like a childish prank.

San Francisco, Calif. JOHN C. ROBB

The editorial "Left Scholars' Debacle" [July 20], exposing the books of left-wing so-called "historians," might well be given the alternative title "Left Intellectuals' Watergate." The indictment includes stealing, falsifying documents, distorting and faking evidence, fraud, and coverup.

Quaere: Will the giant media relentlessly, day after day, take these characters apart and expose them for what they are?

Seattle, Wash. ALFRED J. SCHWEPPE

NEA-AFT

Congratulations to Russell Kirk for his fine column about the "NEA-AFT Power Lust" [Sept. 28]. Now I know I haven't just been imagining things. I have been teaching foreign languages in the public high schools of Ohio and neighboring states since 1943. In recent years I have sensed changes in our schools that evoke memories of what was going on in Europe when I entered college in September 1939. I refer to the cold acceptance of the new morality by a large number of teachers. A few frown and murmur when Family Planning posters go up in the halls; a few are distressed by the workshops they have attended on population. But these things are accepted—reluctantly, yes, but accepted. One speaker even told our kids a few years ago that Dr. Tom Dooley did more harm than good by saving so many lives in Asia, thereby compounding the population problem.

I think I shall stick my neck out and refuse to join NEA, OEA, and the local this year—since we can't have one without the other. If I get in trouble, I can't go to the ACLU—they only represent my enemies. But I shall have the satisfaction of protesting something which I feel to be a threat to the ideals of our Founding Fathers.

Wilmington, Ohio MARTHA HESSON

Russell Kirk's attack on the National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers was incredibly one-sided in its condemnation. Surely Mr.

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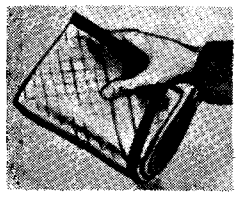

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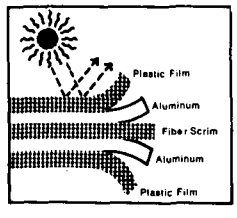

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Kirk isn't serious when he warns that teachers are about to seize control of the nation's schools. Typical of the real extent of teacher power is New York's Taylor Law, which makes school boards the final judge in disputes to which they are a party. Our Founding Fathers, conservative men, knew that justice struck the balance between two conflicting positions.

Allowing *elected* school boards to exercise such monopoly power would be bad enough. Actually, elected school-board members normally devote only spare time to their unpaid duties. So they end up deferring to full-time administrators who have no accountability.

In many schools, unrest is used as the justification for adding high-paid administrators responsible for discipline. When discipline fails to improve, the superintendent blames the faculty and general conditions throughout the society. Each outbreak leads to another round of empire-building, but as an "economy" move the administration refuses the faculty a cost-of-living increase.

Obviously, there is much in the positions of NEA and AFT no more to my liking than to Mr. Kirk's. But in this world of strange paradoxes, those like Mr. Kirk's friends in the National Association of Professional Educators who oppose real teacher bargaining power in the name of conservatism or professional dignity are probably doing more to deliver America's schoolchildren into the hands of these morally and intellectually dead bureaucrats than all the screaming radicals put together.

Freeport, N.Y. ANDREW E. CARLAN

VON MISES

(Continued from page 1246)

concern with equilibrium, and a failure to understand the active entrepreneurial-competitive process.

No economist perceived more thoroughly and sadly than Mises how the rejection of his ideas was leading Western societies relentlessly down a path along which the free interplay of independent, individual decisions in the market was being steadily replaced by the centralization of more and more political and economic power in the hands of governments and their functionaries. If Western society ever achieves a reversal of this trend, if it ever learns to respect the decisions of free men interacting within a framework of rigorously maintained individual rights, it can only be as a result of Mises' vision and insight into the true character of the market society. Here indeed we have a monument to Mises the construction of which is well worth our diligence and our dedication.

—ISRAEL KIRZNER

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☐ YES, send me free gift at left for prompt action.

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Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check enclosed or charge to my

☐ Master Charge Expiration Date (Located above your name) _____

☐ BankAmericard Interbank Number (Located above your name) _____

Your Card # _____

**NOTE: Please don't order cheese now—wait for your special Club order forms to arrive.*

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Economics of a New York Assemblyman

On The Right

New York, Oct. 25—Mr. Andrew Stein is a young New York assemblyman of considerable ambition and uncertain taste. He is devoted to fashionable causes, preferably in fashionable settings. A few years ago he presided over a party in Southampton for the benefit of César Chavez' union. At that party he served champagne, which is harvested by Frenchmen who are paid 50 cents per hour, and urged the socialites in attendance to boycott grapes, harvested by Americans who are paid $2 per hour.

Now Mr. Stein has sent a furious letter to Senator James L. Buckley, protesting his position on school lunch money. As one would expect, the sainted junior senator from New York does not reply to apoplectic communications. But Assemblyman Stein sent a copy of his letter—one has a paralyzing suspicion that he thinks it clever—to me; and we workhorses of this world have to acknowledge our mail, so here we go.

MR. STEIN advises Senator Buckley that "malnutrition of children" is an inappropriate "weapon against inflation." He says that Mr. Buckley should have voted for the disputed $200 million increase in federal subsidies for school breakfast and lunch programs because "after all, these children are not responsible for the Vietnam War and its impact on the national budget and on inflation." He then reminds Senator Buckley—I kid you not—of Dean Swift's Modest Proposal for reducing Irish hunger by eating children—a brilliant parody which however was overused by the time, approximately, of the American Revolution. Mr. Stein has evidently rediscovered it, and suggests that Senator Buckley's indifference to the fate of American children "lacks the grace and humanity of Dean Swift's earlier proposal."

Now. In 1968, the Federal Government was contributing $500 million for school lunches.

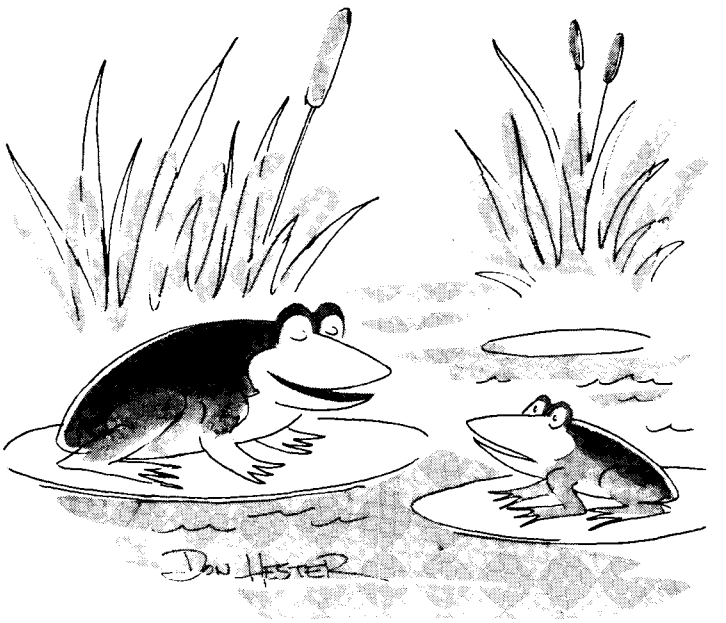
In 1973, the Nixon Administration recommended an appropriation of $1.5 billion for school lunches. That is, three times as much as under the last Democratic Administration, under the prodigious spender Lyndon Johnson. One would think that if with $1.5 billion Mr. Stein's children would die rachitically before arriving at the trenches of a future Vietnam, then with only one third that sum, they'd have disappeared four years ago.

BUT THE story is not even then complete. The House of Representatives took Mr. Nixon's request for $1.5 billion, and added $149 million. That bill arrives in the Senate, and the Senate adds $108 million. Along comes Senator Humphrey, who wants to add $83 million to the Senate's $108 million to the House's $149 million to the President's $1.5 billion. Senator Buckley at this point raises his voice to point out that the subsidy has by now outpaced the increase in the cost of food by something like 43 per cent, he supports one half of Senator Humphrey's projected raise, and he urges the House to reject the second half. Those figures, processed by Mr. Stein, become a call for children's malnutrition.

Mr. Stein then quotes a New York welfare official as saying: "If reimbursement rates are not increased there will be general price increases to students and many programs throughout the state will terminate." Presumably Mr. Stein believes this, though it is perhaps uncharitable to suggest that Mr. Stein really believes anything he says. But why then doesn't he address his letters to Albany, and to his colleagues in the New York Assembly? Why do New Yorkers—the richest people in the entire world—need to go to Washington to raise money for New York school children?

The answer is they don't need to at all. All the money flows out of the citizens' pockets to begin with. But blaming it on Washington is the course of the simpleminded, and of the demagogues who, if they persist in writing letters, should not send me copies of them. □

MEANWHILE IN NEW JERSEY *New York*, Oct. 22—There aren't many conspicuous political contests this year. In New York City the odds



"Actually, I wasn't a prince at all. I was the head of a big eastern conglomerate."

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heavily favor Abraham Beame, a moderate, over the opposition, outstanding among whom is John Marchi, a gentleman legislator of such unsurpassable integrity as to make him something of a political phenomenon. In California the big question is whether the people will vote to put a limitation on the tax. It is a moment of breathcatching political opportunity, and if California says yes, surely the next step is to introduce similar legislation in Congress.

And then there is New Jersey. New Jersey is a funny state. It is full of terribly nice people who seem to have a genius for misgovernment. Everybody is always going to jail in New Jersey or, failing that, just barely staying out of jail. Perhaps it is the climate. Or perhaps, as in Boston, a distinguished tradition of corruption.

This year there are two gentlemen running against corruption. The Democrats have a Harvard lawyer, Brendan Byrne, who as lawyer and prosecutor and judge has been in and out of New Jersey politics for many years. The Republicans have a big tough lawyer, elected to Congress six or seven years ago, who did the rather unusual thing of upsetting an incumbent governor in a primary fight this spring. He is Charles Sandman, a tough-talking, fluent, hard-working reformer of some wit, prodigiously used at the expense of his Democratic adversary.

THE ISSUE in New Jersey is corruption only in the sense that everyone is always concerned about corruption, and though Watergate is said to have elevated corruption to special status as a campaign issue, it is more likely that, in New Jersey, Watergate has simply made the state feel at home. Sandman has elected to fight on much the same issue that, at the other end of the continent, Ronald Reagan has proposed Californians fight over: taxation. The issue in New Jersey is whether to have a state income tax, and whether to have a statewide property tax. After that comes busing (Sandman opposes), parochial aid (Sandman is for it), and crime and drugs (Sandman opposes).

It has been difficult, apparently, for Democratic candidate Byrne to decide just how he should come down on the issues, and this of course is a problem Democrats have all over the country. Last January, for instance, Byrne was in favor of a state income tax. A few weeks ago he was saying "I have said loud and clear that I do not think we need an income tax in the foreseeable future." The trouble is that the foreseeable future, for Mr. Byrne, is about ten days, or two weeks. Between September 18 when he recommended a statewide property tax and October 3 when his press secretary said he had not recommended it, was two whole weeks, something of a record. Anyone who wants to know what Mr. Byrne's view on capital punishment is can take one of three choices with absolute confidence in finding an authority in the collected work of Candidate Byrne: 1) unqualifiedly opposed; 2) qualifiedly opposed; 3) qualifiedly in favor. By the end of the campaign, one will probably have authority for saying that Byrne is 4) unqualifiedly in favor. At least on the matter of a constitutional amendment to prohibit abortion on demand, Mr. Byrne is absolutely clear: He is neither for nor against it.

One would think that Charles Sandman would have an easy time under the circumstances, but not so: There are the usual problems, including shortage of money, a hostile press, divisions within the party. But he may make it, and this would be very good news. □

TRIBUTE TO GOLDWATER

New York, Oct. 26 —It is not difficult to see why Walter Cronkite is, on the authority of Dr. Gallup or whoever, listed as the man most Americans most trust. He recently paid a tribute to Senator Barry Goldwater which I happily reproduce, both as a testimonial to the man who received the tribute and to the man who made it. Mr. Cronkite said on his CBS broadcast: "If Goldwater now sounds like the voice of moderation and reason, in this current crisis of public confidence, perhaps it's because on Watergate he seems to be one of the few outspoken individuals who belong to no faction. Whether you agree with him on specifics, he seems to plead no special cause, right now, except for frankness and honesty. No wonder he seems like such a loner in Washington these days. Once, his many critics told us Goldwater's approach to government was overly simplistic. He was ridiculed as an anachronism. But now, without fundamental change, he seems to strike a responsive chord in wider circles than just those right-wing groups which always venerated his name. Is Goldwater catching up to changing times? Or, asked more properly, are the times catching up to Barry Goldwater?"

The latter, says this venerator.

For the record, here is what some of the voices of moderation said about Senator Goldwater in 1964, decrying the Senator's lack of moderation.

The Reverend Martin Luther King: "We see dangerous signs of Hitlerism in the Goldwater campaign. If Goldwater wins, I am absolutely convinced we will see the dark night of social disruption and such intensification of discontent and despair by Negroes that there is certain to be an outbreak of violence."

Postmaster General (at that time) John Gronouski: "We know what Senator Goldwater is talking about. Extremism is hate and divisiveness. It is spitting on the ambassador to the United Nations. It is labeling the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court a traitor and a Communist. . . . It is justification for turning dogs loose on demonstrators, or bombing churches, or pouring acid in swimming pools."

PRESIDENT Lyndon Johnson: "You [i.e., the United Steelworkers] know it takes a man who loves his country to build a house, instead of a raving, ranting demagogue who wants to tear down one."

Senator William Fulbright: "Goldwater Republicanism is the closest thing in American politics to an equivalent of Russian Stalinism."

George Meany: "[There is] a parallel between Senator Barry Goldwater and Adolf Hitler."

Jackie Robinson: "I would say that I now believe I know how it felt to be a Jew in Hitler's Germany."

Drew Pearson: "The smell of fascism has been in the air at this convention [in San Francisco]."

Governor Pat Brown: "Goldwater's acceptance speech had the stench of fascism. . . . All we needed to hear was 'Heil Hitler.' "

Democratic National Chairman John Bailey: "[Goldwater's platform] looks like a John Birch magazine. . . . the platform writers have drawn up an exercise in fantasy, fear, and hate."

C. L. Sulzberger: "Democratic information contends that in January 1963 a dangerous group of financial supporters including racists and labor-baiters began to push Goldwater's candidacy. This is held to remind the President rather grimly of the kind of business backing behind the Nazis in the early Thirties."

James Reston: "Goldwater must know that most of the extremist tyrants of history, from Caesar and Napoleon to Hitler and Stalin, acted in the name of liberty and justice. The Birchers and the Ku Kluxers think they do the same, and so do the white extremists in Mississippi and the black extremists who follow Malcolm X."

It would be pleasant to hear others speak as Walter Cronkite has done. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Chapter in history of Federal Bureau of Investigation — 27 18 34 123 147 152 168 178 184 225

B. Town in Allen County, Indiana — 40 103 217 211 134 181 60

C. A number of fruit trees — 50 90 32 12 63 77 84

D. One of the angels who stood by God's throne (Jewish tradition) — 64 163 179 20 149 91 190

E. "Between you and me and the _____." — 36 71 1 172 127 101 22 4

F. MAD LEER — 55 175 14 49 110 228 234

G. Chest of drawers — 95 2 45 67 102 114 122 139 148 28

H. Relating to a parent's brother — 105 204 135 157 165 220 93 74 126

I. Inventor of basketball — 111 94 68 23 188 215 138 33

J. City west of Manchester, England — 129 5 52 15 140 115 26

K. Fit together into a whole — 162 133 208 96 16 79 222 72

L. Supplementary literary materials — 169 92 124 155 161 187 193 13 24 38

M. Countries bordering on the east Mediterranean — 183 166 223 121 35 206

N. Ask earnestly or urgently — 201 46 106 89 6 232 194

O. One of the seasons — 227 141 214 125 97 7

P. Propose for an honor — 233 128 51 207 53 197 142 98

Q. Bungling — 9 99 25 167 31

R. A purple period — 73 21 42 54 87 112 143 164 185 200 224

S. Determine a tax's rate or amount — 82 131 177 29 212 226

T. Profession of Paul's friend Zenas — 116 205 192 174 37 109

U. It took both of them to make a cough drop — 213 231 58 65 86 154 202 61 75 107 130 146 153

V. Frequently — 145 117 100 209 186

W. Part of a baseball game which makes it legal — 62 78 48 57 195 203 219 221 66 83 47

X. A voiced sound — 85 118 56 218 69

Y. Old World mammals — 151 199 104 132 30 210

Z. No longer fertile — 156 144 158 108 8 180

a. What a scholar might fall into — 173 39 59 113 198 137 150 160 229 19

b. Force into naval service — 189 196 182 119 10 41 81

c. Directory of socially prominent persons — 136 43 17 230 170 159 176 191

d. British admiral (1882-_____) — 216 70 11 44 171 76

e. I'd walk a mile to meet him — 3 120 88 80

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1262 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

■	1 E	2 G	3 e	■	4 E	5 J	6 N	7 O	8 Z	9 Q	10 b	11 d	12 C	■	13 L	14 F	15 J	16 K	17 c
18 A	19 a	■	20 D	21 R	22 E	■	23 I	24 L	25 Q	26 J	■	27 A	28 G	29 S	30 Y	31 Q	■	32 C	33 I
34 A	35 M	36 E	37 T	38 L	■	39 a	40 B	41 b	42 R	43 c	44 d	45 G	46 N	47 W	■	48 W	49 F	50 C	51 P
■	52 J	53 P	54 R	55 F	56 X	57 W	58 U	59 a	60 B	■	61 U	62 W	■	63 C	64 D	65 U	66 W	67 G	68 I
69 X	70 d	71 E	72 K	■	73 R	74 H	75 U	76 d	77 C	78 W	79 K	80 e	81 b	■	82 S	83 W	84 c	■	85 X
86 U	87 R	88 e	89 N	■	90 C	91 D	92 L	93 H	94 I	95 G	96 K	97 O	98 P	99 Q	100V	■	101E	102G	■
103B	104Y	105H	106N	107U	108Z	109T	■	110F	111I	112R	■	113a	114G	115J	116T	■	117V	118X	119b
■	120e	121M	122G	123A	■	124L	125O	126H	127E	128P	129J	130U	131S	■	132Y	133K	■	134B	135H
136c	137a	138I	139G	140J	141O	142P	143R	■	144Z	145V	146U	■	147A	148G	149D	150a	■	151Y	152A
153U	■	154U	155L	156Z	157H	■	158Z	159c	160a	161L	162K	■	163D	164R	165H	166M	167Q	168A	169L
170c	171d	172E	■	173a	174T	■	175F	176c	177S	178A	■	179D	180Z	181B	182b	183M	184A	■	185R
186V	187L	■	188I	189b	190D	191c	■	192T	193L	194N	195W	■	196b	197P	198a	199Y	■	200R	201N
202U	203W	204H	205T	206M	207P	208K	209V	210Y	■	211B	212S	■	213U	214O	215I	215d	217B	■	218X
219W	■	220H	221W	222K	223M	224R	225A	226S	227O	228F	■	229a	230c	231U	232N	233P	234F	■	■

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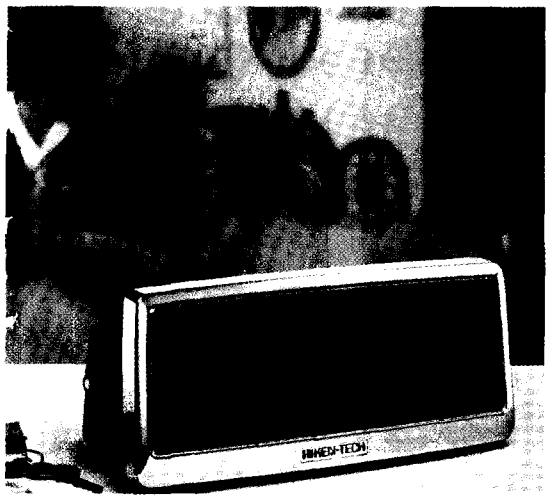
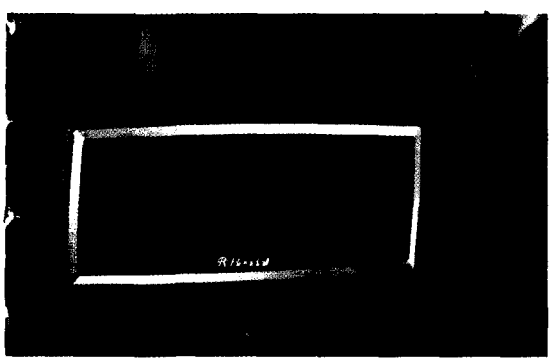
Here they are... and it's about time!





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